1485. n. 7.

BOMBARINO,

A

ROMANCE.

In Twelve Canto's.

ROMANCE.

In Twelve Cantos.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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P. Sterling to Colonel Knyd

BOMBARINO,

A

ROMANCE:

WITH

POEMS on the FOUR SISTER ARTS, *viz.*

ELOQUENCE, POETRY, | PAINTING, and MUSIC:

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By JOSEPH STERLING, T.C.D.

DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE CECIL.

MDCCLXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
4 JUN 57

ESSAY ON ROMANCE.

IF we conſult the Springs that actuate the Human Fancy, or the path thro' which the deſcriptive Genius purſues its courſe leaſt interrupted, and with greateſt freedom, there is no ſpecies of compoſition which will be found to comprehend theſe in ſo great a degree, none wherein the mind thus unreſtrained, is exerted more ſucceſsfully than in Romance.

In it, more than in other compoſitions, the imagination ſoars leſs confined, more general; it alone admits unpardonable terms, the more licentious flights of invention; and if at any time decription ſwells to prodigy, yet as long as it acts with that ingenuity as to unite probability with Fiction, Nature's Laws, though immutable, cannot but admire a diſtortion ſo regular. As objects, when preſented to the eye by a microſcope, ſtill retain their original ſymmetry and proportion; and conſtantly return to the ſenſes a juſt ſimiliarity of features, Nature's paths by this are more diſtinctly diſcerned; we hence learn more accurately its conſtitution, penetrate into its receſſes, and take a more familiar and general Proſpect of the whole: on the contrary, we cannot but abhor the deformity of Vice, which is exhibited to the view in added and more deteſtable colours.

THE mind thus prepared, preſents the following pages in their ultimate direction; it ſets out already informed of this tranſgreſſion of Nature's limits, nor ſees itſelf embarraſſed amidſt the intricacies of this apparent labyrinth, but is well acquainted how to reconcile the Invention and Fable, judging of the extravagancies of the one, from the conſtancy of the other.

IF the Author of the following Poem, howevery inferior to the more celebrated, and which ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhes their authors by tranſmitting the names of TASSO, ARIOSTO, SPENCER, and others to the lateſt praiſe, has propoſed their ſinal ſcope for the object of his imitation, by endeavouring with them to trace Virtue in its different forms; he flatters himſelf with an indulgent hope, that his ruder admonitions of fancy will not totally be diſpleaſing to the ingenuous reader, nor his deſign anticipated or condemned.

ENCOURAGED by these hopes, The submits himself and his works to the generous and impartial determination; he only wishes to convince his readers of the innocency and purity of his intention: to attain which he appeals to the candid examination, happy if he shall be thought to have mixed the careful with the entertaining.

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BOMBARINO,

A

ROMANCE.

When pure deſcription holds the place of Senſe.

POPE.

CANTO I.

Each giant's character is here diſplay'd,
Tremendous ſiege to Glonbroſtrode is laid.

SEE! where the towring Alpine hills expand
A length of ſhadow o'er the diſtant land;
Heave their huge ſummits to the lofty ſkies,
Where thunder roars and winged lightening flies.
See! the wide waſte of everlaſting ſnow:
Hark! the wild muſick, when the tempeſts blow;
The angry dæmons of the growling ſtorm,
The ſounding pine and mountain oak deform;

Strew all their verdant honours on the ground,
Roar thro' their branches with terrific ſound.
Down from the hills the headlong torrents ſweep,
And burſt in thunder to the diſtant deep:
Here hungry wolves amid eternal froſt,
Stalk round the grave, and wake the dreary ghoſt:
A deſart wild, a diſmal trackleſs waſte,
Unfit for man, and ſcarcely fit for beaſt
Nigh theſe wild hills a rev'rend caſtle ſtood,
By rocks environ'd, and a glomy wood;
Here Bombarino's matchleſs glories ſhin'd
Of ſize gigantick, but of godlike mind;
Each lawleſs act, that ſavage giants lov'd,
This warlike chief his conſcience diſaprov'd;
How oft in juſtice cauſe he drew his blade,
And low in duſt the proud opreſſor laid:
He ſmooth'd the furrows of the troubled breaſt,
And made affliction on his pillow reſt:
How oft the worthy tun'd the ſounding lyre,
And ſung of heroes with heroick fire;
How oft beneath the verdant ſhade reclin'd,
With calm philoſophy he ſooth'd his mind:
Nor pale-ey'd cares, nor hollow joys controul,
The cloudleſs ſun-ſhine of his placid ſoul.
Wide open ſtood his hoſpitable dome,
And every ſtranger found himſelf at home:
Each day the proudeſt monarchs of the ſtall,
To grace the hero's regal banquet fall;
Each day the purple vintage laugh'd in gold,
Whilſt gallant knights romantick ſtories told:

Soon as the evening ſun withdrew his ray,
The blazing ſconces ſhed fictitious day;
Till the grey dawn the banquet they prolong,
With heaven-taught muſic, and ſeraphick ſong.
Great Glonbroſtrode (ſo was his caſtle nam'd)
O'er the vaſt tract of Italy was fam'd;
For him the gods prepar'd a heavenly throne,
And every virtue claim'd him as her own.
To him oppos'd, upon a neighbouring hill,
There liv'd a giant deſtin'd to fulfill
All hell's black rage — fierce as the tuſky boar,
He lov'd to ſwim in ſlaughter and in gore;
No rights of hoſpitality he ſhew'd,
Still was his dreadful faulchion bath'd in blood:
For mercy's voice his ſoul refus'd to know,
He only triumph'd in another's woe:
The virgin's tear to him a pleaſing ſcene,
And the ſad city's deſolated mein:
Deep was he ſkill'd in all the arts of hell,
Vers'd in dread magick and tremendous ſpell;
At his command the ſun would backward goe,
Compel'd by him the ſtream would backward flow;
To him ſubſervient, (wondrous to declare)
Hell's baleful ſpectres wing the duſky air:
His ſtrength and art this wicked wight miſpent,
Againſt the good his bow was always bent:
The name of Tuſcorore like thunder's ſound,
With dread and horrour fill'd the nations round:
Great Bombarino was his mortal foe,
For various paſſions in their boſoms glow;

One ſtrove fair virtue always to defame,
And one to add new luſtre to her name:
How oft theſe chiefs in furious fight advance
Shake the proud creſt, and break the knotty lance:
How oft they fought beſide the ſnow-ſwell'd flood,
And bid the ſtream run crimſon with their blood.
Nor yet their warlike labours find an end,
Still deathful terrors on their ſteps attend;
Great Bombarine reſerv'd for gloomy care,
To bear the laſt extremities of war;
Whilſt Tuſcorore with potent numbers bleſt,
Is doom'd to triumph fortune's ſon confeſt:
Alas how hard to change the will of fate,
Or its fix'd purpoſe of eternal date;
Tho' heaven's fair portrait liv'd within the ſoul,
Illum'd the mind, and perfected the whole;
Yet virtue's ſelf to lawleſs power muſt yield,
Nor reap the glories of the doubtful field.
Round Glonbroſtrodo now grim Mavors rag'd,
And angry chiefs tremendous battle wag'd;
Here Tuſcorore blaz'd terrible in arms,
And foremoſt thunder'd in wars wild alarms;
Here Tonitruno with terrific ſway,
Adds double horrors to the doubt-ful day;
His pliant ſoul to virtue was inclin'd,
But flattery reign'd a goddeſs in his mind;
With wily words him Tuſcorore won,
And made his power and magick all his own;
Here grim Storgolgo hugeſt chief of all,
The towering giants on this earthly ball;

Great Bombarino was of ample mein,
Of equal ſtature Tuſcorore was ſeen;
O'er theſe proud chiefs Storgolgo heav'd his creſt,
By the broad ſhoulders and the ſwelling cheſt:
To him ungrateful was the liſted field,
The blood-ſtain'd faulchion, and the claſhing ſhield:
Full well he lov'd each ſenſual joy to pleaſe,
And ſwim in golden luxury and eaſe;
Behold him ſeated in an ample chair,
Whilſt ſlaves officious court the fanning air;
Fierce he devour'd the wild boars briſtly chine,
And ſwill'd a torrent of nectarious wine;
Then prone extended on the board he lies,
Whilſt leaden ſlumbers ſeal his heavy eyes:
Sage Tonitruno with invention bold,
To him a mazy devious ſtory told;
How Bombarino ſolemnly had ſworn,
With the firſt bluſhes of the orient morn;
That great Storgolgo by his blade ſhould fall,
And low in ruins ſink his caſtle wall:
Swell'd with wild fury to the war he came,
Lips breathing vengeance, and eyes flaſhing flame.

End of the firſt CANTO.

A ROMANCE.

End of the fifth CANTO.

CANTO II.

In dread array the ſteel-bright armies ſhine,
Each leader noted, and review'd each line.

THeſe chiefs ſupreme in courage as in ſway,
With haughty valour lead the deſp'rate way;
Rank behind rank the thronging legions ſtand,
And ſkilful captains marſhal every band;
Each ſeeks with haſte the ſtandard of his lord,
Each waves the light'ning of his flaſhing ſword:
Thus in the ſummer ſun and cloudleſs ſky,
The ſwarming bees along the meadows fly;
Brood on the crimſon of the blooming roſe,
Extract the ſweet of every plant that blows:
But if from far the ſkilful ſhepherd ſees,
The blackening tempeſt and the heavy breeze
Swells on the ear, his brazen clangors call
The frugal nation to their honey'd hall:
Warn'd by the ſound, in thick'ning throngs they drive,
And gain the deep receſſes of their hive.
Proud Tuſcororo's crimſon flag was ſpread,
And the bright orient bluſh'd with glowing red;

With blazing gold and ſparkling gems of Inde,
His gorgeous enſign like a commet ſhin'd;
His were the diamonds of the golden eaſt,
And his the mines of the impurpled weſt;
To the bleak poles his rigid ſway extends,
And to the deepeſt gloom of hell deſcends.
Firſt came Mantorno, old Almanzor's ſon,
Who ſtill the meed in liſted combat won:
Beſide the windings of the ſilver Poe
Where Appenine o'er looks the vale below,
The rev'rend manſion of his fathers ſtood,
Deep in the centre of a gloomy wood;
Well was he ſkill'd to chace the tuſky boar,
And bathe his jav'lin in the monſter's gore,
To trace the mazes of the winding ſtream,
Or in the ranks of burniſh'd war to gleam:
But vain his valour and his might divine,
Slain by the ſword of mighty Bombarine;
In the meridian of his life he fell,
And ſtalk'd a hero through the gloom of hell:
Three hundred horſemen armed with ſword and ſhield,
Beneath his banner brave the doubtful field;
Next grim Boraldo dreadful to behold,
Array'd in arms of adamant and gold;
Tremendous giant! with a mighty ſtride
He bounds o'er mountains and the roaring tide:
Rends the tall forreſt with his giant hand,
And with his thunders rocks the frighted land;
From mighty Nimrod he his lineage brings,
And proudly vaunts him of a race of kings;

Bold Nimrod's arms the haughty giant wore,
By Zoroaſter made in days of yore;
Great Zoroaſter whoſe terrific ſway,
The golden ſun and gliding ſtars obey;
When by the furious arm of Nimrod ſlain,
The ſplendid arms the victor's prize remain;
In this bright panoply Boraldo ſhone,
A ſecond Nimrod or a ſecond ſun:
Him Tuſcororo with prevailing rhyme,
Drew from Arabia's aromatick clime;
Well the magician knew his matchleſs might,
The plume of battle and the ſoul of fight:
Twice fifty warriors follow cloſe behind,
On courſers fleeter than their own eaſt wind;
Arabians grim! who oft had wander'd o'er,
The trackleſs hills and wilds untrod before;
Skill'd in the mazy wiles of war were they,
Bold for to ſeize, or to defend the prey.
As when the monarch of the wood-land ſhade,
In all his dreadful majeſty array'd,
Sends the big thunder of his voice around,
And bids the forreſt tremble at his ſound;
Straight at his voice attend the ſavage train,
And ecchoe terrour through the diſtant plain.
Thus grim Boroldo mov'd with haughty pride,
His gallant legions marching by his ſide;
To theſe a train of gallants bold ſucceeds,
Who ſhone illuſtrious by their glorious deeds:
Glad would the muſe expatiate on each name,
And from their ardour catch heroick flame;

But

But who can count the grains of riſing ſand,
When ſtormy Notus ſweeps o'er Africk's land:
Theſe round dread Tuſcororo's ſtandard croud,
Their ardour each by their obedience ſhew'd:
Next Tonitruno's enſign was diſplay'd,
And ſhining ſilver ſtarr'd the ſable ſhade;
Thither the ſtormy Switzers croud with haſte,
The ſavage monarchs of a ſnowy waſte:
Cloud-creſted mountains here, the vale between
The ruſſet heath, and the enamel'd green:
The mountain torrent ſwell'd with winter's rain,
With a vaſt deluge flood's the ſubject plain;
Here Boreas whiſtles through the black'ning air,
And bids the groves eternal winter wear;
Down from the mountain ſide a waſte of ſnow
Inceſſant falls and forms the lake below;
But oft the glorious Regent of the day
Thaws winter's rigour with his potent ray;
The ſnows diſſolv'd, now hills and vallies ſing
And the grim tyrant ſoftens into ſpring.
Bold were their looks — gigantick was their ſize,
Whilſt ſtreams of light'ning darted from their eyes:
A length-ful ſword the angry warriors wield,
And the broad orbit of a mighty ſhield;
They ſtem the torrent and they brave the flame,
And ſcale the ſkies to purchaſe deathleſs fame.
Chief bold Grantorlo and brave Marzarine,
And Claribel of Pepin's royal line;
An exile baniſh'd from his native home,
By adverſe fortune long decreed to roam;

Him

Him Tonitruno at his court retain'd,
In fortune's ſhine the hero long remain'd;
Smooth flow'd his ſtream, unharrow'd was his breaſt
By gnawing cares and ſilken was his reſt;
But now in burniſh'd battle ſhall he blaze,
And wondering nations at his valour gaze;
Yet for a moment ſhines thy valorous might,
Thy noon tide ſun is wrap'd in ſhades of night:
Slain by the arm of lord Medore he lies,
He liv'd a heroe and a heroe dies:
Next came Rogero and Bernardo bold,
Great Floſcorumbo and Sabrino, old:
Then wildly ruſtles the unnumber'd throng,
A valiant band in native courage ſtrong;
Laſtly in air Storgolgo's banner weaves,
Emblaz'd with gold, inwraught with verdant leaves;
His were the valiant ſons of Aquitain,
And his the courſers of prolific Spain;
From the fam'd Pyrenees extends his ſway,
To the laſh'd margin of the ſtormy ſea;
To where deſcending from the mountains prone,
Roll the rough billows of the loud Garonne:
Here, nor the ſummer's ſun, nor winter's rain,
Blaſt the gay verdure of the flowry plain;
The painted ſongſters here unceaſing ſing,
And the groves flouriſh with unfading ſpring;
The gentle ſhepherd here attends his flock,
Beneath the umbrage of the moſs-clad rock;
The tracks of Eden here remain behind,
And paint her glorious picture to the mind.

Each

Each gallant knight was arm'd in ſplendid mail,
with gold adorn'd and rough with many a ſcale;
Each with tight rein his winged courſer guides,
And thro' the thunder of the battle rides:
In meet array the mighty army ſhines,
And each bold chief extends the lengthful lines:
From their bright arms the ſtreamy ſplendors run;
And dim the luſtre of the golden ſun:
Now dreadful Mars array'd in all his might,
Rouzes each heroe for the promis'd fight:
Each glows with generous rage, each vows to fall,
Or lay in ruins Glonbroſtrodo wall.
Mean while lord Bombarino did provide,
To ſtem the fury of the ruſhing tide:
Now on the walls his valiant legions ſtand,
And winged jav'lins lighten from each hand:
The trumpets clangor with a mighty ſound,
Shook the tall mountains and the forreſt round;
Now the wild fury of the combat rag'd,
And mighty knights tremendous battle wag'd;
Chief falls on chief, and wounded ſteed on ſteed,
At every vein the haughty heroes bleed.

End of the ſecond CANTO.

CANTO III.

Loud roars the battle of conflicting foes;
To Barutond the azure champion goes.

TWice had the ſun with his glad preſence bleſt
The diſtant regions of the eaſt and weſt:
Now the third morning ſun beam'd forth his ray,
And to the longing nations gave the day;
Steel-harneſs'd war ſtill with tremendous power,
Roar'd at each gate, and ſtorm'd at e'ry tow'r:
Still ſanguine torrents ſwept along the plain,
And ſtill were heap'd huge mountains of the ſlain;
The thund'ring din of claſhing ſword and ſhield
Ran in long ecchoes thro' the mad'ning field;
Gigantick deeds are done on either ſide,
They bravely battl'd, and they bravely dy'd.

See! Glonbroſtrode built on yon mountains brow,
See! the rough torrent loudly roars below;
Three parts all-potent nature fortify'd,
Whilſt mimick art ſecur'd the ſouthern ſide:
Here Tuſcorore his potent warriors led,
And here the chief his proud pavillions ſpread;
With twelve the braveſt of his menial band,
Here gallant Bombarino took his ſtand;
To gain the portal Tuſcororo ſtrove,
And here the boldeſt of his legions move.
Soon as ſad night her raven ſhadow brings,
And cloſely curtains up the face of things:
Two valiant knights, each knight a valiant hoſt,
The pride of armies, and their country's boaſt,
Some fav'ring godhead led to Glonbroſtrode,
To ſhare the feaſt-rites of the chiefs abode;
There joyouſly they tune'd the warbling voice,
Bid the glaſs ſparkle and the ſoul rejoyce:
Soon as the ſkies confeſs'd the golden dawn,
A blaze of armour glitter'd o'er the lawn;
To aid their hoſt the worthy champions ſtaid,
And with his foes courageous battle made;
In blazing arms along the walls they ſhine,
Nor fight like mortals, but like gods divine;
Sol's glowing crimſon one bold warrior wore,
With gold refulgent gayly lifted o'er;
On the broad orb of his enormous ſhield,
Bright blaz'd the ſun pourtraid in crimſon field;
Sky-tinctur'd azure rob'd the other knight
Whoſe ſhield the rainbow deck'd with various light:

The

The ſtrength of mortal man unleſs renew'd,
By unremitting toil at length's ſubdu'd:
So Bombarino and each gallant friend
Beneath a weight of mighty labours bend;
The pond'rous targe and ſword their hands forſake,
The heart was valiant, but the ſtrength was weak:
Thirſty for blood the rapid jav'lins roar,
Rend the bright ſteel, and drink the purple gore:
Unequal fight! three hundred ſpears engage,
With thronging myriads arm'd with ten-fold rage;
Unknowing were his vaſſals of the ſiege,
And of the danger of their noble liege:
Now fiery Phæbus ſhot his noon-tide beam,
And the wide æther was a ſea of flame:
What ſtrength can ſtand before the burning heat,
The toil-ſpent armies from the field retreat;
Sour-frowning war his creſted head reclin'd,
From ſcenes of ſlaughter now unbends his mind;
Yet in his dreams the airy armies riſe,
As on the graſs-green bed ſupine he lies:
Lord Bombarino then his train addreſt,
A waſte of cares revolving in his breaſt;
Illuſtrious knights what unfeign'd thanks I give,
'Tis by your ſaving valour now I live;
Prodigious deeds your potent might has done,
Such deeds ne'er ſaw the world-ſurrounding ſun:
But ah! all mortal valour is but duſt,
A ſun-ſoon clouded and a ſoon-ſpent guſt;
Soon as bright Phæbus to the deep deſcends,
And ſad-brow'd night her raven wing extends,

What

What warrior of my menial train will go,
Pierce through the depth of yon pavillion'd foe;
To mighty Barutond this letter bear,
To Barutond the thunder-bolt of war:
Now dwells the chief at Zoblomiſta's cave,
Far from theſe ſcenes where ſnakey furies rave:
Perhaps thro' ſome romantick vale he ſtrays,
Beſide the purling river's ſilver maze:
Whilſt labours heap'd on labours here ſucceed,
Whilſt ſlaughter ſtorms, and furious heroes bleed:
Who e'er this letter to the knight ſhall bring
Shall ſhine diſtinguiſh'd by his lord and king:
Swift as the ſtorm ſir Barutond will come,
Then Tuſcorore ſhall ſigh in vain for home.
The baron ceaſed — the crimſon knight then ſpoke,
Impetuous ardor ſparkling in his look;
Illuſtrious hoſt, none of your menial train
Shall tempt the dangers of yon hoſtile plain;
Headlong I'll ruſh thro' all the blaze of day,
With death and ſlaughter open wide my way;
Their proudeſt chiefs ſhall ſhrink beneath this blade,
Their monarchs tremble at my dreadful ſhade:
Beneath the fury of the noon-tide blaze,
Oft have I rov'd the deſerts thorny maze;
Oft have I tam'd the fury of the boar,
And huſh'd the thunder of the lions roar;
Oft have I chain'd the lynx, the panther wild,
And bid the tyger's ſtormy rage grow mild;
Oft have I pierc'd the ſcaly crocodile,
Terrific monarch of the ſeven-mouth Nile:

Im-

Imperial Affrick, and each haughty lord
Have felt the fury of my vengeful ſword;
O'er all her ſun-ſcorch'd reign my name is ſpread,
From ſilver Nile to Atlas pine-clad head:
What cares would vex Numidia's good old king,
If fame ſuch tidings to his ears ſhould bring;
That brave Medore lay ſlumbring in his tent,
Whilſt his compeers thro' death and danger went;
Ne'er ſhall Medore the glorious field reſign,
Nor ne'er deſert a cauſe ſo good as thine:
Alone thro' yonder hoſt I will advance,
He who oppoſes falls beneath this lance:
To whom the azure-veſted knight reply'd,
With winning ſweetneſs, and becoming pride,
How nobly gallant is this dauntleſs knight,
His god-like mein beſpeaks his worth in fight;
Illuſtrious ſir thy ardour I admire,
Great Mars himſelf has kindled up thy fire,
Tho' your immortal deeds our praiſe tranſcend,
Regard the dictates of a faithful friend:
Shall Randolph tell what battles he has won,
Or how his fame has journey'd with the ſun;
Alas! my friends no hour for ſweet diſcourſe,
When ſtormy battle pours forth all his force;
In counſel cloſe let us explore relief,
To prop the fortune of this gen'rous chief:
Behold! lord Bombarino's whole intent;
To Barutond a letter muſt be ſent;
Thro' yon embattl'd army is the way,
Medore muſt go, Randolpho muſt not ſtay.

But how alone ſhall this brave chief ſuſtain
The furious onſet of yon giant train;
Yet valiant worthies hear a new-ſprung thought,
Which to my muſing ſoul ſome god has taught;
Our ardent ſtrife let fortune terminate,
Let her deciſion be unmov'd as fate;
By ſacred lots our fortune let us try,
The chief who goes is ſent by deſtiny;
Let this brave * hero ſend ſome truſty guide,
Who oft has trod theſe waſtes and deſarts wide;
Leaſt the bold chief unknowing of his way,
Thro' mazy woods, and trackleſs wilds ſhould ſtray:
But noble lords let us th' attempt forbear,
Till mid-night ſhades have ſable'd o'er the air.
The prudent heroe's counſel all approvld,
Admir'd his ſpirit and his wiſdom lov'd;
The knights by ſacred lots their ſtrife decide,
And fortune ſmil'd on ſir Randolpho's ſide:
A dawn of joy beam'd o'er the warrior's face,
Smil'd on his brow, and brighten'd every grace;
Then to the monarch of the ſkies he pray'd
To crown his labours by cæleſtial aid:
Swift from his ſeat divine Medoro ſprung,
By fierce diſdain and diſappointment ſtung,
He cries, tho' adverſe chance has prov'd unkind,
Yet here Medore eternal fame ſhall find;
Yon thronging hoſt my flaming blade ſhall feel,
And thouſand heroes ſink beneath this ſteel.
Black night expands her ſhade — Randolpho goes,
With fearleſs courage thro' the tented foes;

To

* Bombarino

To him a guide lord Bombarino gave;
A faithful ſervant, and a warrior brave;
Good Armadillo nam'd — mild was his mein,
His hairs were grey, yet was his courage green. 166

End of the third CANTO.

To him a guide lord Bembarbo gave;
A faithful servant, and a warrior brave;
Good Armadillo nam'd — mild was his mein,
His hairs were grey, yet was his courage green.

End of the third CANTO.

CANTO IV.

The heroes labour thro' the bloody day;
The rapid ſtream bears Bembarine away.

HER dew-ſtar'd roſes now Aurora ſpread,
The brightning orient ſmil'd with glowing red:
Fierce as the waves that laſh the ſounding ſhore,
Or the loud winds that thro' the forreſt roar;
Tremendous war in all its terrors frown'd,
E'er dew drops glitter'd o'er the ſpringing ground:
On ladders ſome aſcend the airy wall,
Huge rocky fragments on their helmets fall:
Lo! ſome advance beneath a pent-houſe large,
Compacted cloſe with many an ample targe;
Fearleſs againſt the haughty foe they move,
Whilſt darts in ſhow'rs come thund'ring from above;

Great Tuſcororo tower'd above the reſt,
The ſun-bright buckler flam'd before his breaſt;
In either hand two ſhining jav'lings gleam,
And radient ſplendours from his helmet ſtream;
A pond'rous dart the furious warrior ſent,
Deep thro' the brazen-plated gate it went;
Next with gigantick ſtrength an axe he took,
Forc'd by his hand the ſolid gate it broke;
On him in vain deſcends the iron ſhow'r,
Unmov'd he ſtands as ſome firm-rooted tow'r,
Whoſe ſtrength has long the ſhock of armies ſtood,
The raging tempeſt and the ruſhing flood.
To Bombarino ſpoke Numidia's lord,
And as he ſpoke he wav'd his flaming ſword;
Sir Bombarine what gallant ſoul can bear,
Thus to ſit tamely fetter'd up by war:
See furious Tuſcorore's wide-waſting arm,
Strength'ned by potent ſkill and magic charm,
Our force defies, the portals open wide,
Bid black-brow'd battle pour his ruſhing tide:
His generous heat the worthy baron fir'd,
Furious he ruſh'd by heav'n itſelf inſpir'd:
Each ſolid bar, each manly bolt he rends,
Swift as the wild wave o'er the bark aſcends,
When angry Neptune rouzes up the ſtorms,
And bids grim death appear in all its forms:
In open plain the valiant knights advance,
Each gripes the ſhield, each ſhakes the ſhining lance;
Each ardent champion hurls the miſſile dart,
And haply finds ſome weak unguarded part:

A hoſt of heroes bite the duſty ground,
And ſanguin'd jav'lins bluſh from ev'ry wound.
Ye virgins ſeated on Parnaſſus hill,
Sublime your vot'ries ſoul, refine his ſkill.
How ſhall I ſing the terrors of the fight,
Deſcribe the proweſs of each valiant knight?
Propitious grant your aid, ye ſacred nine,
Illume my ſpirit with a ray divine;
Oh! let me ſing their deeds in godlike rhimes,
Conſign their glory to ſucceeding times.
Fierce as the winged thunder-bolt of Jove,
Which fires the mountain, and the nodding grove,
Storms the Numidian — chief on chief o'erthrown
Now yield to might ſurpaſſing far their own:
Behold in one promiſcuous ruin bleed,
The gallant warriour and the gen'rous ſteed.
Death to their towring hopes — his dreadful blade,
Hurls crouds of heroes to black Pluto's ſhade.
Him Claribello ſingled from the train,
From thouſand heroes on the lifted plain;
From him he hop'd immortal fame to bear,
Transfix his plaited corſlet with his ſpear,
To ſoil in duſt his helmet's plumy pride,
And with his ſlaughter ſwell the purple tide.
Headlong he urg'd his winged courſer on;
Him ſoon eſpy'd the champion of the ſun.
Think not vain man lord Claribello cries,
That each bold chief here unrevenged lies;
Behold thy fate in this tremendous lance,
Revere the proweſs of the ſons of France.

The proud Numidian anſwer nought return'd,
His martial ſoul with haughty fury burn'd:
With gen'rous ardour ſtraight this noble lord
Eſſays to prove the virtue of his ſword;
Like blazing ſuns their angry eye-balls ſhine;
With beam-like ſpears in dreadful fight they join:
Fierce their encounter — with terrific ſound
Each thund'ring champion meets the ecchoing ground:
Their foaming ſteeds, freed from the curbing rein
Mix in the tumult of the raging plain:
On foot the eager warriors now contend,
With dreadful force their brandiſh'd ſwords deſcend:
Round Claribello death his raven wing
Extends — while conqueſt crowns Numidia's king;
Deep thro' his boſom lord Medoro's blade
(His corſelet vain) a mighty floodgate made,
Out-ſtream'd his ſpirit in a tide of gore,
Prædoom'd to ſhine in glorious war no more.
Nor leſs the ſword of Bombarine perform'd,
Thro' the throng'd battle now the hero ſtorm'd;
Before his arm a tide of warriors fled,
The beſt and braveſt of their chiefs lye dead:
Mantorno falls beneath his giant hand,
Alfred and Bernard bite the bloody ſand;
Fierce Grandolorno met diſaſtrous fate,
The gods and Bombarine contract his date;
Brave Marzarine predeſtin'd here to die,
The rapid jav'lin pierc'd his blazing eye,
The ſhining weapon quiver'd in his brain,
Proſtrate he falls o'er hills of heroes ſlain:

Far as the wand'ring eye can ſee around,
E'v'n to the vaſt horizon's utmoſt bound,
A waſte of ſlaughter and of death appears,
A blaze of faulchions and a flaſh of ſpears:
The bold Numidian and lord Bombarine
Above the reſt in dreadful glory ſhine,
Urge the bold chace and thunder from behind,
Their ſhrilling clangors lengthen in the wind:
As when the fleecy flocks and herds which graze,
The flow'ry mead beſide ſome rivers maze,
If the dread monarch of the ſhade draws nigh,
In wild confuſion o'er the vallies fly:
So Tuſcororo and his trembling train
In rapid flight are hurried o'er the plain,
On him alone the eager warriors turn'd,
Around the giant now the battle burn'd;
The ſhining darts fly thick as winter's ſnow,
When Jove forbids the ſtormy winds to blow,
The face of things the bright'ning waſte conceals,
But the light footſteps of the hare reveals:
On his bright targe the claſhing faulchions ring,
And round his helm the whizzing javlins ſing;
His quick-returning pulſe impedes his breath,
In every dart he ſees approaching death;
Heavy and languid look'd his ſhield-broad eye,
Like the ſun ſailing thro' a miſty ſky;
Adown his face the ſweat in torrents flows,
He ſinks oppreſs'd beneath a thouſand blows;
Black clouds of death involve his ſwimming eyes,
And horrid ſpectres to his fancy riſe.

But

But lo! Storgolgo comes a timely aid,
Who with his arm the ſinking giant ſtay'd;
Him with the orb of his enormous ſhield,
He ſcreen'd from all the tempeſt of the field;
To Tonitruno he conſigns his care,
And ſeeks again the tumult of the war;
From his huge hand he hurl'd a pond'rous ſtone,
Such by the arm of Ajax ne'er was thrown;
Like ſome black whirlwind ſwift it roar'd along,
Amaz'd the valiant and unnerv'd the ſtrong;
Twice fifty chiefs of Bombarino's train,
Beneath the rocky fury bite the plain;
In ſanguin'd torrents now the heroes roll,
Whilſt griping tortures rend each parting ſoul:
So ſome tall oak who heav'd its head on high,
Branch'd out its boughs and flouriſh'd to the ſky;
Shook by the fury of the whirlwind's blaſt,
Stands bleak and wither'd o'er the naked waſte,
Elate with pride the haughty giant cries,
Loud as the loudeſt thunder of the ſkies,
Prodigious deed! a more than mortal blow,
The next ſhall ſink yon lofty caſtle low,
Lay its proud ſpires in ruin on the ground,
Whilſt nether-hell reecchoes to the ſound.
Round Bombarino and Numidia's king,
The thronging armies form a ſteel-bright ring:
Now a bright ſtorm of rattling darts deſcends,
In vain the faulchion ſtrikes the ſhield defends;
Pierc'd by a thouſand barbed darts they ſtand,
And bravely baffle all the raging band;

Toil-

Toil-ſpent at length the valiant worthies ſtood,
Upon the brink of the prone-ruſhing flood;
Urg'd by the grim Storgolgo and his hoſt,
Swift in the rapid ſtream themſelves they toſt:
High on the ſwelling waves the chiefs are born,
Of every help, ſave providence forlorn:
The foaming torrent violent and ſtrong,
O'er craggy rocks the heroes ſweeps along;
Their ſtreaming blood the tide now rubied o'er,
And bluſhing purple glow'd from ſhore to ſhore:
So when the eager huntſman and the hound
The fearful deer with thrilling ſhouts ſurround,
Prick'd by pale fear the woodland ſhades they leave,
And plunge impetuous in the flaſhing wave.
The ſad remains of Bombarino's hoſt,
Now the bright ſun-beam of their ſouls was loſt;
Expos'd to grim Storgolgo's fury lie,
A helpleſs miſerable band, they die.
Proud Tuſcororo to the fight return'd,
His martial ſoul with gloomy fury burn'd;
Sage Tonitrune with herbs of ſovereign juice
Reſtor'd his members to their priſtine uſe;
Soon as lord Bombarino's hap he heard,
A dawn of joy his drooping ſpirits cheer'd;
" Sir knights behold! a period to our toil,
Ruſh on brave warriors and divide the ſpoil:
Great Glonbroſtrode — ah! far renowned name,
Shall ſink immers'd in deluges of flame,
Whilſt its proud lord his rapid courſe muſt guide
Thro' ſtormy tempeſts and the boiſt'rous tide: "

Fir'd

Fir'd by the prey the thirſty armies run;
So bees thick cluſter in the ſummer ſun.

End of the fourth CANTO.

CANTO V.

Th' inchanted foreſt, and the magick train,
Make Tuſcororo's haughty efforts vain.

WEll may the atheiſt providence deſpiſe,
Contemn the awful terrors of the ſkies;
Well may he thus exclaim — if gods there were,
They'd burſt in thunder from the clouded air,
Dart their red light'ning at yon impious head,
And hurl him headlong to the gloomy dead.
Behold! that godlike much-ſuſtaining man,
Whoſe days in one ſmooth ſtream of virtue ran,
By grim oppreſſion is he doom'd to die?
To this aſſents the ſenate of the ſky?
If gods there be, they are a thoughtleſs tribe,
Whom men in vain with ſacrifices bribe:
When on the brink of fate the virtuous ſtand,
'Tis then great Jove extends his helping hand,
Saves from impending danger, and makes known
That ſacred virtue is his care alone:
Nor ſhall the noble Bombarino fall,
Nor burning flames inwrap yon tow'ring wall;

With

With blazing luſtre ſhall he ſhine again,
As morning ſuns emerging from the main:
Far in the eaſt where firſt the god of day,
Illumes the mountains with his beaming ray,
Where Ganges ſtreams with pomp majeſtick glide,
And lave the vallies with their ſilver tide,
Thro' pendant ſhades, and golden landſcapes flow,
And waft abundant plenty where they goe;
Here Rouz-Behari dwell'd, a female ſage,
Who join'd to youthful bloom the depth of age;
The various knowlege of the ſpacious eaſt
Was treaſur'd in this maid's capacious breaſt;
All that the ancient ſages e'er had known,
By intenſe ſtudy ſhe had made her own;
What in the womb of time was yet conceal'd,
By myſtick arts her ſapient mind reveal'd;
She ſtudy'd all the movements of the ſoul,
Could ſooth each paſſion and its rage controul;
The wond'rous ſprings on which great nature turns,
Th' ætherial flame by which each planet burns,
The adamantine forces which retain
Each circling orb in its appointed reign;
Behold! yon glorious variegated bow,
Its frame majeſtick! how divine its glow!
Its curious texture, and its various dyes
Were all unfolded to her piercing eyes:
Had but the doctrine of the Samian ſage
Been the prevailing tenet of the age,
Then ſhould we boldly ſay, her ſoul poſſeſt
A heav'nly manſion in great Newton's breaſt;

Newton

Newton the ſun-beam of our happy iſles,
Where lawrel'd ſcience wears eternal ſmiles:
The virtue of each verdant plant that grew,
That drank the ſilver drops of morning dew,
Its ſacred powers to heal the ſtreaming wound,
And pale diſeaſe this great inchantreſs found;
The potent genii of the air and ſea,
And leafy earth her ſovereign will obey;
The ſprightly fairies of the ſhady wood,
The nymphs which haunt the chryſtal of the flood,
The fauns and ſatyrs ſwell her num'rous throng
Drawn by the magick of her ſoothing ſong;
By myſtick taliſmans of wondrous power,
Of flaming gold ſhe rais'd a gorgeous tow'r;
With India's brighteſt gems the portals ſhone,
And dim'd the burning luſtre of the ſun:
Amidſt an awful luxury of ſhade,
This ſumptuous palace all its blaze diſplay'd;
The purple ſky unfolds itſelf between,
And ſheds a higher luſtre o'er the green:
So Pouſſain's pencil blending light with ſhade,
The pleaſing landſcape on the canvas made.
Diſtended wide was Zolblomiſta's fame,
And diſtant India eccho'd with his name:
Fair Rouz-Behari in her god-like mind,
Reſolv'd this far-fam'd weſtern ſage to find;
To hail the nobleſt man, whom Jove e'er ſent;
The boaſted glory of the occident;
With him the good of nations for to plan,
How to divine and elevate the man:

In graceful pomp ſhe mounts her ſtarry wain,
A thouſand nymphs and genii in her train;
Now thro' the fields of liquid air ſhe ſails,
The eaſt-wind wafts her with propitious gales;
Hov'ring in air o'er towry Glonbroſtrode,
As ſcreaming ſea-mews o'er the fiſhy flood,
She view'd the fury of grim Tuſcorore,
The ſlaughter'd armies, and a waſte of gore,
Lord Bombarino hurried down the ſtream,
His lofty turrets deſtin'd to the flame:
In ſympathetick miſery ſhe ſighs,
And the round tear ſtands trembling in her eyes;
She calls Doulzebar — ſtraight at her command,
Appears the nobleſt genius in her band;
Divine Doulzebar, ſpoke the blooming queen,
Let all the glory of thy art be ſeen;
Shield from deſtruction theſe devoted ſpires,
Repel the rage of Tuſcororo's fires;
To the proud tyrant this inſtruction ſend,
That ſteady virtue ever meets a friend:
Yon gallant heroes floating down the tide,
To ſome ſafe haven be my care to guide.
The genius bow'd — the goddeſs ſhot along,
Swift as the arrow from the archer ſtrong.
Lo! wond'rous ſtrange to guard the portals ſtood,
Twelve braſs-ſcal'd dragons grim with reeking blood,
Like blazing ſuns their ſparkling eye-balls flame,
Lo! from their creſts ſanguineous light'nings ſtream;
Their glorious ſail-broad wings they now expand,
Which ſtretch a duſky ſhadow o'er the land:

Now

Now thro' the air in dreadful pomp they ſail,
And laſh the raging tempeſt with their tail:
Now angry lions growl with ſavage-roar,
Here ſtorms the tiger, and here foams the boar:
Now on the walls a thouſand armies ſtand,
And winged jav'lins fly from every hand;
An uncouth hoſt! with lions heads ſome frown'd,
And ſome with briſtles were impaled round;
Some hiſs like dragons, ſome like panthers yell,
In every aſpect glows the rage of hell:
The brazen trumpet fires each ardent ſoul,
Ideal battles in each boſom roll:
Huge iron balls, and arrows burning hot,
From wide-mouth'd engines on the foes they ſhot;
Unhappy foes! the rapid whirling ball
Rends the bright ſteel, the warriors truſty wall:
Amaz'd, confounded, Tuſcororo ſtood,
Stiff-briſtled up his hair, and froze his blood;
Now here, now there he rolls his haggard eye,
Now here, now there his helpleſs ſoldiers die;
Trembling they fled—behold, a wonder new,
A leafy forreſt round the caſtle grew;
Here the tall oak his towring honours ſpread,
And here the pine branch'd forth his ſounding head;
Here the ſad cyprus, whoſe unfriendly gloom,
Projects its horrours round the mournful tomb;
Here the tall fir, which ploughs the foaming main,
A floating forreſt on the watry plain;
O'er the blue Ocean now the ſtranger ſails,
His wide-ſpread pinions catch the ſwelling gales;

Here the tough aſh, the hero's dreadful ſpear,
The bending yew, the archer's glory here;
Thee, conſtant holly, ſhall my Clio ſing,
Whoſe verdant bows enjoy eternal ſpring;
When tempeſts roar, when whitening ſnows deſcend,
And winter's fury bids the foreſt bend,
Still the green chaplet ſmiles, defies the ſtorm,
Tho' lowring winter wears his rougheſt form:
So may unfading bays the poet crown,
Nor canker'd envy blaſt his fair renown:
The hoary willow here, which gently moves
To the ſoft murmurs of the ſighing groves;
The river-ſhadeing alder, which diſplays,
Its verdant foliage in the ſilver maze;
The myrtle green, which binds the lover's brows,
When ſunny proſpects bid him hope repoſe;
The towring elm his ſhady honours ſpreads,
And the gay parent of the vintage weds:
Each tree that in the rural forreſt grows
With ſtately pride, here ſhines in graceful rows;
The vacant ſpace was wove with thickeſt green,
Thro' the cloſe wall no ſun-beam could be ſeen:
Then Tuſcororo cries—the axes blow
Lays the proud monarch of the woodland low;
Hewn to the root this ſtately grove ſhall fall,
Nor ſhall its verdure ſcreen yon tow'ring wall;
With the ſtrong ax then furiouſly he ſtrook,
But lo! in twain the brittle ax now broke:
By heaven-ſtruck awe compell'd the carle retir'd;
The uncouth ſcene much in his ſoul admir'd:

A dreary dreadful earth-quake rock'd the ground,
From the thick ſhade was heard an hollow ſound;
How vain! how feeble is the ſon of man,
His ſtrength a ſhadow, and his days a ſpan;
By heav'n's high will this gloomy grove ſhall ſtand
Unhewn, nor cut by any mortal hand;
The gallant champion, who ſhall pierce this ſhade,
Muſt wear the ring by great Arzophal made.
Then Tuſcorore his trembling train addreſt,
Whilſt grief and fury jar'd within his breaſt:
" Thrice valiant band, what mortal ſtrength could do,
And more than mortal has been done by you;
But heaven and hell their dreadful force combine,
Fight for our foes, and baffle our deſign:
Vain the attempt, diſbanded be the hoſt,
Let each brave warrior ſeek his native coaſt:
If heav'n ſhall rouſe the ſtorm of war agen,
I know ye valiant and experienc'd men. "
Swift at his word diſſolved is the band,
And each bold warrior ſeeks his native land.

End of the fifth CANTO.

A dreary dreadful earth-quake rock'd the ground,
From the thick shade was heard an hollow sound;
How vain! how feeble is the son of man,
His strength a shadow, and his days a span:
By heav'n's high will this gloomy grove shall stand
Unhewn, nor cut by any mortal hand;
The gallant champion, who shall pierce this shade,
Must wear the ring by great Axophal made.
Then Tuscorore his trembling train addrest,
Whilst grief and fury jar'd within his breast:
"Thrice valiant band, what mortal strength could do,
And more than mortal has been done by you;
But heaven and hell their dreadful force combine,
Fight for our foes, and baffle our design:
Vain the attempt, disbanded be the host,
Let each brave warrior seek his native coast:
If heav'n shall rouse the storm of war agen,
I know ye valiant and experienc'd men."
Swift at his word dissolved is the band,
And each bold warrior seeks his native land.

End of the fifth CANTO.

CANTO VI.

Sage Roux-Behari meets lord Bombarine
And Zolblamiſta of immortal line.

MEantime the headlong torrent loud and ſtrong
Bore Bombarine and prince Medore along,
Bravely they ſtruggle with grim-viſag'd death,
By turns they loſe, by turns regain their breath:
As the bold warrior on ſome glorious day
Thro' thick battalions hews his deſperate way;
Lo! dire deſtruction ſtorms on every ſide,
His labours doubled, yet increas'd his pride;
So with unconquer'd fortitude they ſtrain,
Each well-ſtrung nerve the diſtant ſhore to gain:
But now their matchleſs ſtrength and courage fail,
The ſtormy billows of the wave prevail:

A lamentable death theſe chiefs had found,
In the rough eddies of the torrent drown'd;
But lo! at Rouz-Behari's high command,
The gentle zephyrs wafted them to land;
Senſeleſs upon the naked ſhore they lie,
Nor view the golden ſun, nor ſaphire ſky:
But the fair maid, by Æſculapian art,
Bid life's warm ſpirit animate each heart:
Swiftly from mortal ken the dame withdrew,
A veil of ſun ſhine ronud her frame ſhe threw:
The gallant heroes ſpring from off the ground,
And caſt a wild diſtracted look around;
View ſavage woods, and grots of native ſtone,
Declining vales, and airy hills unknown:
Lord Bombarino drew a rending ſigh,
" Ah me! in what ſequeſter'd wild am I?
Ah Glonbroſtrode! — but Glonbroſtrode's no more!
The luckleſs prize of direful Tuſcorore,
My gen'rous ſubjects fell beneath his blade,
And unreveng'd is each illuſtrious ſhade:
Oh! had I been in glorious battle ſlain,
Of thwarting deſtiny I'd ne'er complain:
Oh! if in virtue's cauſe I'd nobly died,
Then death himſelf had been my greateſt pride:
Shall I no more dejected virtue raiſe?
Nor from my ſoul receive the debt of praiſe?
Yet let the Gods at leaſt my fate conceal,
Still let the terrors of my name prevail;
Still let them awe the tyrant, ſhield the brave,
And reſcue mankind from oppreſſion's wave.

But ah! Medore for thee my ſorrows flow,
Thou generous partner of this triſtful woe:
Illuſtrious youth! unhappy was thy chance,
For Bombarino to have rais'd thy lance."
With gen'rous warmth divine Medore return'd,
"Glorious my fate, unworthy to be mourn'd;
'Tis noble ſure with Bombarine to bear,
A waſte of labours, all the woes of war:
With thee I'd range o'er dreary climes alone,
From the ſun's morning to his evening throne,
Scale the vaſt pole, round which the planets ſhine,
And brave the terrors of the ſcorching line;
While Bombarino ſtiles himſelf my friend,
For kings nor kingdoms ſhall my ſoul contend:
How ſoft with thee the trumpets brazen clang,
The bucklers thunder, and the arrows twang;
Soft as the whiſp'ring breeze, or murm'ring ſound,
Of ſtream ſmooth-ſlideing o'er the pebbl'd ground."
Pleas'd was Golconda's beauteous queen to find
Such a ſublime magnificence of mind:
Then from a golden cloud theſe accents broke,
Cæleſtial muſic warbled as ſhe ſpoke:
"Pierce the deep gloom of yon majeſtick grove,
Ye chiefs be prudent and confide in Jove."
The wond'ring knights a due obeyſance paid,
And bend their ſteps to the appointed ſhade:
Now from the crimſon portals of the morn,
Gay Phæbus on his glittering car was born:
Long time the wood-land waſte they wander'd o'er,
And tread, perplex'd, the ways they trod before.

Behold!

Behold! the roaring torrent thund'ring down
From the gigantick mountain's ſavage crown,
O'er the rough rocks the rageing billow flies,
The foaming waves above the forreſt riſe:
Here brave Medoro and Bombarino came,
When the denſe air refracts ſol's fetting beam;
Beſide this rough caſcade the heroes lay,
'Till bright Aurora uſher'd in the day.
Then the gay-feather'd ſongſters of the grove,
Pour'd their wild muſic to the god of love:
Wak'd by their tuneful notes the chiefs up ſprung,
What wild amazement chain'd each worthy's tongue!
When Zolblomiſta ſtruck each wondering eye,
Merſylva bluſhing with the mornings dye,
Great Barutondo, and the knight whoſe ſhield
Diſplays the rain-bow in a ſilver field:
Good Zolblomiſta then his ſoul expreſt,
Whilſt ſunny ſmiles his purple cheeks inveſt:
"The direful combat, the forſaken throne,
Long to thy friend, great Bombarine, was known:
The briny tear he ſhed, he deeply ſighed,
His aid to lend the wayward fates denied.
Still did the gloomy Tuſcorore prevail,
While he poſſeſt ſage Barbazephon's ſeal,
Immortal ſignet! of celeſtial mold:
(Refulgent diamond ſet in ſhining gold)
Slaves to this ſeal, a thouſand genii bow,
Bound by a fix'd irrevocable vow.
Rob'd in the likeneſs of a darkſome owl,
From him the ſignet of his ſtrength I ſtole.

Now

Now ſhall thy mid-night ſhade of woe decay,
And all thy life be one unclouded day.
O'er the rough waſte, the forreſt arch'd with ſhade,
The towring mountain, and the gloomy glade,
O'er the vaſt Alps, and o'er th' Italian plain,
How long! the Mantuan queen I ſought in vain:
The ſun now pour'd a boundleſs flood of day,
The fainting nations ſicken'd at his ray;
On an extended verdant plain I ſtood,
Its utmoſt margin ſkirted round with wood:
The gentle breeze, the muſick of the rill,
Bad all the paſſions of the ſoul be ſtill:
Juſt in the centre of this rural ſcene,
A gay pavillion roſe above the green,
Its texture wrought with velvet's ſofteſt pride,
Emblaz'd with gold, with Tyrian crimſon dyed,
A gay profuſion here of richeſt ſtone,
Each coſtly metal, each refulgent ſtone;
Four diamond pillars the vaſt roof up-hold;
A ſilken carpet o'er the floor was roll'd:
Pierc'd by the fervour of the glowing ſun
To this pavillion's ample ſhade I run:
Lo! from the ſummit of th' aerial ſkies,
Fierce as the ſtorm a raging riffing flies;
Of ſhining ſteel his hooked beak was fram'd,
With burniſh'd braſs his harpy talons flam'd,
His wide extended wings of gloomy hue
A ſable mantle o'er the nations drew,
Each Eye-ball ſhone like a malignant ſtar,
The dire forerunner of deſtructive war:

In airy circles now he ſoars around,
He claps his pinions, earth and ſky reſound:
Yon pure æthérial arch I clouded o'er,
Bad rains deſcend, and deep-voice'd thunders roar;
Wrap'd in the lightening of all-mighty Jove,
At the fierce griffin the red bolt I drove;
Swift as the ſhaft from the well-poliſh'd bow,
The blaſted corſe oppreſt the plain below;
The broken clouds tumultuous roll away,
And ſmiling ſun-ſhine gilds the op'ning day.
When lo! the griffin's form to change began,
And ſtraight diſclos'd a wild gigantic man,
Cover'd with o'ergrown hair, as with attire,
With beard uncomb'd, and Eyes that roll'd in fire;
In deadly pangs convulſive-writhing round
The fiery bolt, that fix'd him to the ground;
Bellow'd the ſavage wretch, and as he died,
Loud-rail'd againſt the gods with impious pride,
And in the face of heaven reproaches caſt,
The foreſts trembling as he roar'd his laſt;
Yet great was once his ſtrength, and great his pow'r,
And deeply-ſkill'd was he in magic lore;
Him the fierce lion, him the boar obey'd,
With every beaſt that haunts the wood-land ſhade;
When call'd they came familiar to his hand,
And flew with ſpeed t' effect their lord's command:
In deep receſſes of th' adjacent wood,
Dreaded by all, the ſavage made abode;
Whome'er he caught, he made an helpleſs prey
To his fierce luſt, or fiercer gluttony;

And

And vain it was, the ſtrongeſt ſhould withſtand,
For magic art unnerv'd the ſtrongeſt hand:
But now this terror of the woods is o'er,
His deeds, himſelf, and ev'n his name no more;
His aſhes lie, denied an humble grave:
Such the rewards that wicked men receive.
Now from the rich pavilion moved a maid,
In the ſoft bloom of beauty's ſpring array'd;
Her ſtar-bright eyes are dim'd with riſing tears,
And graceful ev'n in woe the fair appears.
Thee, fair Merſylva, ſoon my ſoul diſcern'd,
Unhappy princeſs, worthy to be mourn'd.
And oh! what joys my kindling boſom fir'd!
We met and to the pompous bow'r retir'd.
There as the noon-tide hours in queſtions flow
I preſs my queen to tell her tale of woe."
"To Mantua's tow'rs when Tuſcororo came,
And wide around us rag'd the ſword and flame,
Embolden'd by ſome god I took my flight,
Screen'd by the ſhadowy curtain of the night;
Safely I paſt the blood-mark'd bounds of war,
And through wild woods and mountains wander'd far:
At length thro' theſe rough tickets as I ſtray'd,
Dubious, bewilder'd in the duſky ſhade,
Me the wild ruler of theſe foreſts found,
He, whom thine arm has ſtretch'd along the ground.
Bound by ſome ſpell, in vain to fly I ſtrove,
Fix'd were my feet, my knees forgot to move:
Think not to fly my might, the ſavage cry'd,
His eyes wild-flaming both with luſt and pride:

Be thou ſubſervient to my warm deſire,
Or dread th' effects of Strengul's pow'rful ire.
Unmov'd I anſwer'd — vain thy threats to me,
Vain thy attempts upon my chaſtity;
The gods themſelves the virtuous maid befriend,
Nor ſet the dire deſpoiler gain his end.
Aw'd by the truth, to blandiſhments he turn'd,
At ev'ry word he languiſh'd and he burn'd:
All means he us'd my ſtedfaſt ſoul to move,
But vain were all, to turn my ſoul to love:
For me his art this gay pavillion rais'd,
For me with gems the purple texture blaz'd;
Here he confin'd me, 'till ſome favouring pow'r
Sent thee, my noble friend, in lucky hour,
Whoſe arm, in thunder lift'd at the foe,
Soon laid in duſt the proud oppreſſor low."
Here ceas'd the fair — and now might I relate,
How rich Golconda's lovely queen we met;
How thence we learn'd the triumphs of the foe,
And all your perils in the ſtream below:
How ſhe to view the weſtern iſles is gone,
And ſee the wonders of the ſetting ſun:
How we proceeding, find Storgolgo ſlain,
With ſlaughter'd, chiefs that cover'd all the plain,
Theſe, thine illuſtrious friends, among the reſt,
With wounds on wounds deep-furrow'd in their breaſt:
And how I heal'd their wounds by magic pow'r;
But theſe require a leſs important hour.
Hither the gods the two magicians bring,
Ev'n now they come, and fate is on the wing:

Hear

Hear then attentive what I now propoſe;
A bubling ſpring in vocal murmers flows,
And ſings of Tuſcororo's impious deeds,
That, e'er that terrour of the virtuous bleeds,
The ſtings of conſcience he, ev'n he, may feel,
And ſhrink with horrour, from thy lifted ſteel."
Thus ſpoke the ſage — his wiſdom each confeſs'd,
And his in arms his great deliv'rer preſs'd.

End of the ſixth CANTO.

Hear then attentive what I now propose;
A bubbling spring in vocal murmurs flows,
And sings of Tuscoro's impious deeds,
That, e'er that terror of the virtuous bleeds,
The stings of conscience he, ev'n he, may feel,
And shrink with horror, from thy lifted steel."
Thus spoke the sage — his wisdom each conceal'd,
And his in arms his great deliv'rer prais'd.

End of the sixth CANTO.

CANTO VII.

Great Tonitruno, by his potent ſpell,
Calls a black gobling from the gulph of hell.

DIſpers'd mean while was Tuſcororo's train,
Each ſought the pleaſures of his natal plain:
Still Tonitruno and the giant ſtaid
In council cloſe beneath the green-wood ſhade:
To Tuſcorore the elder ſage—"why now?
Frowns the black tempeſt on my monarchs brow?
Say, is our might, our magic art no more,
And vain the ſtrength of mighty Tuſcorore?
While purple life yet bounds along the veins,
That prime of bleſſings, ſmiling hope remains;
Some gloomy goblin from the gulph of hell,
We'll call, deep ſkill'd theſe prodigies to tell."

To

To this advice the giant gave aſſent,
Thro' the black horrors of the ſhade they went.
With dreary voice the grim magicians call,
" Hear! haughty monarch of th' infernal hall,
The awful dictates of thy lords obey,
Diſpatch ſome ſpectre to the realms of day,
Well ſkill'd each mazy riddle to unfold:
From the rude ore t' extract the native gold. "
Thrice Tonitruno mark'd the verdant ground,
And thrice deſcrib'd a magic circle round:
A wondrous book the old magician read,
Each pine-clad mountain ſhook its ſnowy head;
Black thunder roars, grim ſtorms the ſkies involve,
Jove's fiery bolts the eternal ſnows diſolve;
The ſtatelieſt cedars by the bolt are broke,
To the bright ſkies aſcends the pillar'd ſmoke;
Unuſual miſts o'er ſhade ſol's golden ray,
And mid-night darkneſs dims the noon of day.
Lo! from the yawning reign of gloomy night,
A griſley ſpectre bolted on their ſight;
His black abode diſſatisfy'd to leave,
And ſad Cocytus' ſlowly gliding wave;
Pale care, remorſe, and envy ever-green,
In ſtriking colours, on his brow were ſeen,
Envenom'd ſnakes his meagre waſte entwin'd,
(Expreſſive emblem of his tortur'd mind)
Him Tonitruno thus addreſt; " declare,
Infernal goſt that dwell'ſt in ſpiſſy air,
Who bid the dragons hiſs, the lions rage,
Or dreary ſprights with mortal arms engage,

Unfold

Unfold theſe riddles and revere my ire.
The ſpectre ſpoke — his eye balls glar'd with fire.
" Ye proud inchanters, liſten to my word,
In each proud boſom ſhall be plung'd the ſword;
The ſword of juſtice — then each hell-doom'd ghoſt
Shall mourn in torments on grim Pluto's coaſt;
For vice, tho' long unpuniſh'd, yet at laſt
Finds a ſevere reward for what is paſt:
Infernal vice may flouriſh for a time,
But virtue bloſſoms with unfading prime:
To god-like Bombarino ye are given,
Revere proud chiefs, I ſpeak the words of heaven."
Then ceas'd the goblin — ſwift he ſhot away,
Plung'd in the thickeſt gloom, and fled the day.
So the red comet, whoſe portentous rays,
Involve the æther in a ſanguine blaze,
Thro' his long orb to diſtant regions runs
To ſhed new luſtre on exhauſted ſuns.
Amaz'd, confounded, the magicians ſtood,
While pallid fear ran quiv'ring through their blood.
Fierce Tuſcororo cries — " the bold and brave
Breath death and terror ev'n beyond the grave;
When this material frame will be decay'd,
Revenge ſhall then exalt my kindling ſhade:
Avaunt deſpair! hope yet remains behind;
A mighty proſpect now diſtends my mind.
Great Tonitrune, my winged car aſcend,
O'er the expanded globe our courſe we'll bend;
The great Arzophal's ring let us explore,
Search ev'ry ocean, and ſearch ev'ry ſhore:

That wondrous magic ring if we attain,
Lord Bombarino's boaſted might is vain;
Then ſhall the magic wood a paſſage yield,
And Glonbroſtrode lie level with the field."
The bold deſign ſage Tonitrune approv'd,
And gently thus his own diſmiſſion mov'd;
"Prodigious man, untam'd by every woe,
At once the braveſt friend, and fierceſt foe,
Sobrino's wiſdom, and Orlando's might,
The pride of counſel, and the pride of fight;
Sure every god thy project did inſpire,
Swell'd all thy ſoul, and kindled all thy fire;
May all the æthereal hoſt their aid extend,
And ſhield the perſon of my lord and friend:
But ah! forgive thy friend's declining age,
No more my boſom glows with hoſtile rage,
Theſe hoary hairs forbid me now to guide
The ſtorm of war, and battles bloody tide:
Ah! now's the time my wretched ſoul to ſave,
And woo calm quiet in the peaceful grave."
To whom great Tuſcororo made reply,
Deep from his boſom drew a well-feign'd ſigh;
"Light as the chaff before the whiſtling wind
Is all the faith and promiſe of mankind;
Sooner I thought the ſun would fade away,
And the bright ſtars no more reflect the day,
Than Tonitruno would his friend forgoe,
When adverſe fortune is proclaim'd his foe."
Sage Tonitruno veil'd his penſive head,
And copiouſly the ſilent ſorrow ſhed;

Then

Then ſtrain'd the giant in a cloſe embrace,
The ſilver dew ſoft-trickling down his face:
Ah! Tuſcorore, how ſtrong is friendſhips ſway!
Thy every dictate muſt thy friend obey."
Thrice mighty Tuſcororo wav'd his hand,
Thrice ſtruck the earth with his inchanted wand;
Wide-gapes the earth — behold! a glitt'ring car,
And braſs-ſcal'd dragons, flaſhing death and war.
Gold was the chariot — diamonds beaming ſheen,
The azure ſaphire, and the em'rald green,
In equi-diſtant rows the car adorn,
Bright as gay Iris, or the orient morn:
Lo! from the dragons yawning throats forth came
A fiery deluge of ſulphureous flame,
Their blazing eyes ſhot terror wide around,
With bloody creſts their horrid heads were crown'd,
And their huge length of tails ſeverely laſh'd the ground;
Their glitt'ring ſcales reflect a double day,
And dim the ſun-ſhine with a brighter ray:
Now to the golden yoke their necks they bend,
And now the chiefs the rapid wain aſcend:
A cloud of vapours round the car they ſpread,
And mid-night darkneſs ſhrouds each hated head:
Thro' the dun air the ſun-bright dragons fly,
Leſs ſwift the whirlwind ſweeps along the ſky.
Now in the chambers of th' impurpl'd eaſt,
The morning ſun in golden radiance dreſt,
Blaz'd forth the beaming day — old night now fled,
And in Cimmerian caverns veil'd her head.

A dreadful ſcene now ſtrikes their wond'ring eyes,
On the broad plain a waſte of ſlaughter lies:
Here the proud hero, and the gen'rous ſteed,
Stretch'd on the ground, in proſtrate glory bleed;
Here the diſhonour'd corſe upbraids the plain,
Here floods of gore, here mountains of the ſlain;
Grim death appears in every ghaſtly form,
And ruthleſs wounds each ſlaughter'd knight deform;
Here ſcreaming vultures blacken'd o'er the air,
Their deſtin'd prey with rending talons tear;
Here hungry wolves forſake the gloomy wood
And wildly riot in a ſea of blood.
To Tuſcorore then Tonitrune — "behold!
Here rag'd the fury of ſome heroes bold.
Alas! their rage, their valour, is no more,
They glide in ſilence on grim Pluto's ſhore:
Let us deſcend, and cloſer view this Scene,
Survey each clay-cold warrior's faded mein."
Confuſion ſeiz'd each chief, when they beheld
The great Storgolgo ſtretch'd along the field:
Enormous bulk! like ſome wide-ſpreading oak,
Fell'd by the luſty woodman's ſturdy ſtroke.
Pierc'd to the ſoul, the elder ſage began,
"Light as weak ſtubble is the ſtrength of man:
To day he ſhines in radiant ſummer's pride,
Bleſt with the favours of a blooming bride,
Bleſt with a vaſt immenſity of wealth,
With vig'rous youth, and never-fading health:
Tomorrow, honour-prick'd, he ſeeks the field,
Gay-harneſs'd o'er with gorgeous helm and ſhield:

Per-

Perhaps ſome rich embroider'd ſcarf, in-wove
By the dear partner of his life and love,
Flames on his arm to dignify her lord;
Defence how vain againſt the ruſhing ſword!
Her gallant lord, now number'd with the dead,
No more ſhall bleſs her in the bridal bed.
So great Storgolgo, once in arms renown'd,
With matchleſs ſtrength and matchleſs courage crown'd,
Pierc'd by the arms of death here found his doom,
Deni'd the humble honours of the tomb:
A monument, my friend, let us upraiſe;
Let ſculptur'd marble ſtill record his praiſe."
Swift from the car the ſage magician ſprung;
Around Storgolgo Tonitruno hung,
Kiſs'd his pale lips, each bloody wound he laves,
Whilſt his ſad eyes ſupply the briny waves.
Wide gapes the ground beneath the cypreſs ſhade,
The mighty dead in mournful pomp he laid;
Faſt by the grave a mighty column ſhone,
Emblaz'd with ſilver and the Parian ſtone;
Here every beaſt that haunts the verdant wood,
Here every fiſh that haunts the ſilver flood,
With curious art the worthy ſage deſign'd,
Far ſhort expreſſive of his bounteous mind:
In glowing colours, ſtriking to the view,
The great Storgolgo's image next he drew,
The ſage's ſoul the ſacred muſes fir'd,
And great Storgolgo's epitaph inſpir'd,
Which his ſharp pencil on the marble wrought,
In characters from fertile Egypt brought.

" Ah me! beneath this ſculptur'd marble lies,
Storgolgo once the valiant and the wiſe;
Storgolgo, wiſe, and valiant, now is loſt,
He glides a ſilent viſionary ghoſt:
Prodigious courage, and prodigious might,
In fight he glory'd and he fell in fight:
When future ages ſhall to this ſucceed,
Storgolgo's name and valour let them read."
The vulgar dead with curious eye they ſcan,
And ſee his thouſand ſlaughter'd to a man.
And faſt beſide another thouſand lay,
Whom griſly war had fell'd the ſelf-ſame day.
Then Tuſcororo ſaid — " that knight how brave,
Who ſent Storgolgo to the gloomy grave;
Tho' arm'd he was with Typhon's hundred hands,
Altho' incircled with a thouſand bands,
Yet ſhall he fall beneath my vengeful blade,
A ſacrifice to great Storgolgo's ſhade.

End of the ſeventh CANTO.

CANTO VIII.

This canto fair Merſylva's hap diſplays,
Her thwarting fortune, and her ſunleſs days.

THis pious work of charity being done,
The chiefs purſue the journey they begun.
Where the wild wood extends itſelf along,
From the deep ſhade they hear a ſilver ſong,
Smooth as the murmurs of the purling ſtream
Was the ſoft muſic of the flowing theme:
Upon the utmoſt margin of the wood,
With liſt'ning ears, the great magicians ſtood:
Theſe gallant ſtrains the noble ſongſter ſung,
Whilſt hill and valley to his muſic rung.
" Now Mantua's monarch, Philamore the brave,
Enjoys the ſilence of the peaceful grave;

His

His blooming child, Merſylva heavenly fair,
Succeeds to both his crown, and virtues, heir;
For no male iſſue from his loins e'er ſprung,
Nor gen'rous boy e'er on his boſom hung.
Each noble lord of Italy the green,
Preſents himſelf before the matchleſs queen;
Their vows, their loves, their courtſhip, ſhe denies,
And hears unmov'd their boſom-rending ſighs;
My lords, ſaid ſhe, I chuſe a ſingle life,
My heart diſowns nor loves the name of wife."
Now when the trump of fame to Tuſcorore
The wealth and beauty of the damſel bore,
The ſurly monſter ſhook his gloomy head,
With pride elated to himſelf thus ſaid;
" 'Tis well — ſuch feeble men ſhe ought to ſcorn,
Such beauty for my bed was only born;
For ſome great man ſhe's made by deſtiny,
And who ſo mighty or ſo great as I:
Tho' ev'ry man, tho' ev'ry god ſhould join
T' oppoſe my wiſh, ſhe ſhall, ſhe muſt, be mine:
I'll gripe this haughty princeſs in my arms,
And wildly riot in her blazing charms."
He orders now his vaſſals to prepare
The magic dragons and the magic car:
The creſted ſnakes now ſweep along the lawn,
Their ſcales reflect each glory of the dawn;
Swifter they fly than the fleet eaſtern wind,
And leave each tempeſt of the ſky behind:
A pondrous club this mighty giant bore,
Made by Bombindor in the days of yore:

Oh!

Oh! bulk immenſe—the chariot he aſcends,
And ſwift as thought, his courſe to Mantua bends.
This carle great Zolblomiſta now beheld,
And his great ſoul was with compaſſion fill'd:
He pitied virtue, prey to lawleſs power,
Virtue, ſurpriz'd in the unguarded hour:
This wond'rous ſage, in wiſdom more than man,
Great nature's fabric in his ſoul could ſcan;
He knew each myſtery in heav'n and hell,
And could the preſent, paſt, and future tell;
He us'd his wiſdom for the intent 'twas giv'n,
And ſeemed a bleſſing ſent mankind from heav'n;
Each day he ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
And Zolblomiſta every tongue did bleſs.
A verdant grot he for his manſion choſe,
A verdant grot, where every pleaſure flows:
The ſides were ſhaded by gay-ſpreading vines,
Thro' the deep green the brighter purple ſhines;
The ſilver riv'let here his current leads
Thro' flowry vallies and thro' graſſy meads;
Here flocks innum'rous as the drops of rain,
With ſnowy luſtre whiten o'er the plain;
Here on his pipe ſweet plays the ſhepherd ſwain;
Here's innocence, here blooming maids are ſeen,
Who ſoftly ſwim along the level green;
Here's the wild hill, here ſome old caſtle ſtood,
And here the horrors of ſome fairy wood:
The beauteous landſcape now delights the eye,
And's terminated only by the ſky:
Deep in the boſom of ſurrounding ſnows,
His bleſt abode with florid verdure glows:

Here

Here Zolblomiſta ſpent the live-long day,
And to his harp attun'd the lofty lay;
Thus virtue bloſſoms with unfading pride,
Tho' vice, its zone, extends on ev'ry ſide.
One ſcene of joy his golden moments flow;
A life unknown to bitter-piercing woe:
The Mantuan princeſs now demands his care,
To Bombarine he glides as fleet as air;
Before the gen'rous giant's door he ſtands,
His magic rod extended in his hands.
Him Bombarino meeting, thus addreſt,
And while he ſpoke his hand he gently preſt;
"Welcome as golden ſun-ſhine after rain,
Is Zolblomiſta to our native plain;
Let him deſcend, the genial feaſt partake,
Refreſh his ſoul for Bombarino's ſake."
Then Zolblomiſta—"hail, my deareſt friend;
With active ſpeed my winged car aſcend;
I pity virtue, prey to lawleſs power;
Virtue, ſurpris'd in the unguarded hour;
Swift let us aid the blooming Mantuan dame,
A prey to Tuſcororo's ſavage flame:
Thy friend excuſe, the feaſt-rites he denied,
Thro' haſte exceſſive not thro' erring pride."
Great Bombarino gave th' aſſenting nod,
And Zolblomiſta ſhook his magic rod.
Behold the chariot drawn by griffins ſtrong;
Sage Zolblomiſta whirls the ſounding thong:
Inſtant they fly, outſtripping the eaſt wind,
And leave each tempeſt of the ſky behind:

Now

Now they behold the fertile Mantuan plains,
A land, the mother of immortal ſtrains:
What woeful ſcenes, what horrors, now appear!
What diſmal groanings ſtrike the wounded ear!
From the tall car the gen'rous chiefs deſcry,
Dread Tuſcororo's enſign wav'd on high:
Sage Zolblomiſta ſtruck his heaving breaſt,
And deeply ſighing thus the chief addreſt;
" Ah! Bombarine, unhappy is our fate,
Alas! alas! my friend we come too late;
We've come too late, the youthful queen to ſave,
Or aid her honour againſt the ruſhing wave;
To the proud giant is the queen decreed,
To ſate his paſſion muſt fair virtue bleed;
Beneath his hand her gen'rous ſubjects fall,
And bloody ſlaughter triumphs over all:
Let us deſcend, let each the purple bloom
Of vig'rous health, by magic ſpell conſume;
Let each aſſume ſome rev'rend pilgrim's mein,
Let the old veſtment on each back be ſeen,
Let the white ſtaff each trembling hand ſuſtain,
Let chilling palſies quiver thro' each vein;
Then let us mingle, 'mid the tumult's roar,
And all the fortunes of the queen explore."
Now palmer-like on foot they haſte along,
And ſwiftly mingle in the thickeſt throng;
For Zolblomiſta by his potent art,
Diſguis'd the aſpect, not the gen'rous heart;
A gen'rous heart the thickeſt veil can't ſhroud;
Thus the bright ſun-ſhine pierces thro' the cloud:

With

With ears attentive to each paſſing tale,
They hear a ſage the princeſs hap reveal;
" The queen has fled from Tuſcororo's pow'r,
Some angel ſav'd her in the fatal hour:
Ah! ſhe an exile now is doom'd to roam,
And take ſome ſavage foreſt for her home;
Whilſt we are left the lawleſs tyrant's prey,
And muſt oppreſſion's iron rod obey:
With ſanguine torrents ſee he floods the ſtreets,
And pours his vengeance on each ſoul he meets;
E'en while I ſpeak, perhaps I'll find my death,
And ſome wing'd arrow take away my breath."
A ray of hope touch'd Zolblomiſta's ſoul,
In gayer circles now his eye-balls roll:
To Bombarine he gave th' expreſſive nod;
They quit theſe ſcenes of ſlaughter and of blood,
And gain the calm receſſes of the wood:
Then as before each chief his form reſum'd,
And ev'ry grace and ev'ry beauty bloom'd.
Then the great ſage—" theſe bloody ſcenes we'll leave,
And drive the chariot to my verdant cave;
There ev'ry god we'll humbly ſupplicate,
To ſignify the Mantuan princeſs fate;
Then we'll conſult, how beſt we may redreſs
Her groaning ſubjects, and reſtore them peace."
With rapid ſpeed they mount the golden team,
And reach the grotto with ſol's ſetting beam:
The ſage regains the umbrage of his bow'r,
Anxious Merſylva's fortune to explore:

Whilſt

Whilſt Bombarino on the verdant ground,
Enjoy'd the pleaſures of a ſleep profound.
Soon as the ruddy dawn expel'd the night,
And all the æther glow'd with flaming light;
Good Bombarino broke the bonds of reſt;
Him Zoblomiſta meeting thus addreſt;
(A cloud of grief hung heavy on his brow,
And ſilent ſorrows down his viſage flow)
" In vain, great warrior, I did ſupplicate
Each god to tell the Mantuan princes's fate;
But ev'ry god my humble prayer denies;
Without the gods, let no man be call'd wiſe."
To whom the chief—" it falls unto my ſhare
To ſolve this riddle and to calm thy care:
Laſt night when balmy ſlumbers ſeal'd my eye,
And cares and ſorrows from my breaſt did fly;
I ſaw a damſel in a gloomy wood,
Beſide the murmurs of a ſilver flood;
She wept, ſhe ſigh'd, a gen'rous knight appear'd,
Who with kind words her drooping ſorrows chear'd:
Behold a rev'rend ſenior near me drew,
Whoſe veſt was ſpangled with the morning dew:
Quoth he—the beauteous Mantuan queen behold,
Beneath the ſhelter of a champion bold;
His virtuous wife ſhe's by the gods decreed,
And golden bleſſings ſhall enrich their ſeed."
" Thanks to the gods " reply'd the gen'rous ſage,
" Who always in fair virtue's cauſe engage:
Vice for a time may rage with tyrant ſtrength,
But ſacred virtue will ſubdue at length.

Thus

Thus fair Merſylva, toils on toils being paſt,
Unfading pleaſures ſhall enjoy at laſt
Now let the gen'rous Bombarine regain
Fair Glonbroſtrodo and his natal plain;
The blooming maid ſhall be my care alone,
To reinſtate her in her father's throne."
His worthy friend lord Bombarino parts,
And roebuck-like o'er the wild mountain darts:
Rapid he ſweeps o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
And gains his caſtle with the golden dawn.
Now o'er the hills Sol ſhot his weſtern ray,
And the glad Indians hail'd the ſpringing day;
Two gallant knights arrive at Glonbroſtrode,
To ſhare the feaſt-rites of the chief's abode;
With gallant port he greets each noble gueſt,
And on the board high-heaps the royal feaſt.
To whom the knights — "ſir, as we paſt along,
We view'd an hoſt impenetrably ſtrong:
Swift as the eagle or the guſhing rill,
They climb the ſummit of yon ſloping hill;
The evening ſun ſhot forth his crimſon rays,
And all the hoſt was one refulgent blaze:
Deep in the windings of the vale below,
Their purple enſigns to the breezes flow:
This to our royal hoſt we now reveal,
No idle viſion, no fantaſtic tale."
His long-try'd arms the giant now puts on;
Firſt the bright helmet, blazing like the ſun:
Gold was the helm, and graſſy-green the creſt,
The plaited cuiraſs flam'd upon his breaſt:

Laſt

Laſt his ſtrong hand ſuſtains the pond'rous ſhield,
Whoſe mighty orb expands a verdant field,
Romantic woods, a rural moſs-clad cave,
And the meanders of the ſilver wave:
Cloſe to his ſide he girds the trenchant ſword,
A faithful ſervant to a valiant lord:
His better hand ſuſtains a beam-like ſpear,
The dread of hero's — thunderbolt of war:
This knotty tree the ſturdy giant tore,
Sheer from the fibrous root in days in yore;
Three years well ſeaſon'd, dark-embrown'd with ſmoke,
By ſtrongeſt ſtrength and mighty blows unbroke:
His ſqire obedient his ſtrong courſer leads,
Bred in the fertile Ganges water'd meads,
An elephant, as ſome tall mountain high,
Whoſe lofty ſummit meets the azure ſky:
Illuſtrious Stringobombo once he bore,
The proudeſt giant on the Indian ſhore;
Great tho' he was, by Bombarine he fell,
As Meliſſao's tuneful pages tell:
Him gen'rous Bombarino now aſcends,
Whilſt to receive him on his knee he bends:
Swift as the whirlwind o'er the plain they ſweep,
And gain the ſummit of the riſing ſteep:
Great Bombarino now beheld the train,
And the white tents extended o'er the plain;
Dread Tuſcororo's ſtandard he deſcry'd,
In air wide-floating with redundant pride.
Then ſpoke the chief — "a ſtorm of war impends,
See angry Mars upon our heads deſcends:

'Till

'Till fiery Sol pours forth the golden day,
To ſhare the banquet, gallant worthies, ſtay;
Then, then depart, nor for a ſtrangers ſake,
The toils of bloody combat undertake."
To whom the knights reply'd — "Illuſtrious hoſt,
Are we to valour and to virtue loſt?
Say, ſir, ſhall we indulge the genial rite,
And like baſe cowards tremble at the fight;
Fierce in the foremoſt ranks of war we'll rage,
Our noble deeds ſhall ſwell the poets page.

End of the eighth CANTO.

CANTO IX.

Fell'd by illuſtrious Bombarino's blade,
Proud Tuſcororo ſeeks death's gloomy ſhade.

STopt for a moment was the ſong again,
The hills and vales reſound the vocal ſtrain;
The voice now ſung the deeds of Tuſcorore,
Of knights, of courſers, and of ſcenes of gore:
How gallant Randolph, thro' the midnight ſhade,
Sought noble Barutondo's potent aid;
How unperceiv'd the dauntleſs hero goes,
Screen'd by dark night, thro' thick-ſurrounding foes;
How mighty Barutondo he implor'd
To ſuccour Glonbroſtrodo's noble lord;
How Barutondo and Randolph excite,
Lord Bombarino's vaſſals to the fight;

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To ſuccour Glonbroſtrodo's noble lord;
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Lord Bombarino's vaſſals to the fight;

How grim Storgolgo's furious hoſt they meet,
And ſtretch the thund'ring giant at their feet;
How either hoſt in cruel fight was ſlain,
How they alone of either hoſt remain;
Pierc'd o'er and o'er with dreary wound on wound,
Them in a thicket Zolblomiſta found;
A beauteous queen with the inchanter came,
Divine Merſylva, ever honour'd dame;
With ointment ſweeter than the weſtern gales,
Each gaping wound the kind magician heals;
How Bombarino and Numidia's king,
Some fav'ring gods to the ſame foreſt bring;
In counſel how the noble knights combine,
How their breaſts labour with ſome great deſign.
Here ceas'd the ſongſter, and the ſilver ſound
No more call'd echo from the hollow ground:
Confuſion ſeiz'd the mighty Tuſcorore,
And bluſhing ſcarlet dy'd his face all o'er;
His guilty ſhame the giant ſtrove to hide,
Which piercing Tonitruno ſoon deſcri'd;
To mighty Tuſcorore he gently ſpoke,
And placid mildneſs ſilver'd o'er his look:
"What charming ſongſter of the warbling grove,
What heavenly ſound can thus the paſſions move?
Æthereal muſic, mighty are thy charms,
You fire the hero with the love of arms;
Fiercely he ruſhes by thy ſpirit ſwell'd,
His ſtrength unbroken and his rage unquel'd;
The iron ſtorm of death he now defies,
And all the awful thunder of the ſkies;

But

But now thy ſtrains command the tear to flow,
And all the hero melts like fleecy ſnow:
So great Timotheus with his ſounding lyre,
Kindled, or quench'd, great Alexander's fire;
His martial ſoul now pants for glorious fight,
Now longs for golden love's divine delight:
Now noble Tuſcorore, let us unſeen,
Survey this ſweetly-ſounding ſongſter's mein."
A mighty ruſſling noiſe the foreſt ſhook,
Ev'n to the ſoul each fierce magician quook;
What awful horror froze their chilling blood,
When mighty Bombarine before them ſtood,
Illuſtrious Randolph, and Medore divine,
And Zolblomiſta of immortal line,
The Mantuan queen Merſylva heavenly fair,
And Barutond the gallant plume of war:
The pale magicians ſtrove themſelves to ſhroud
In ſable midnight, and a gloomy cloud;
But Zolblomiſta ſhot a potent ray,
Diſpel'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day.
To Tuſcorore great Bombarino cried;
"Imperious giant, ſwell'd with impious pride,
Know'ſt thou not gen'rous Bombarine the ſtrong,
Immortaliz'd in ev'ry good man's ſong;
Whilſt bale-ful curſes hang upon thy head,
Hated alike by living and by dead:
The very ghoſts at ſolemn midnight riſe,
And call for vengeance with repeated cries;
Their prayers, their vows, this hand ſhall now fulfil,
This flaming ſword thy curſed blood ſhall ſpill;

Oft have I ſtem'd thy rage in full carreer,
Oft have I made thy haughty ſoul to fear:
And now, ev'n now, thy final hour is nigh,
Mine arm is lifted, and expect to die."
To whom proud Tuſcororo then return'd,
(And his fierce ſoul with gloomy fury burn'd)
Say Bomborine is life ſo tedious now?
Say doſt thou long to glide a ghoſt below?
Vain giant, doſt thou think yon caitive band
Shall ſave thy life from my wide-waſting hand;
Come good ſir knight, near is thy glorious end,
Let's ſee will virtue her own ſon defend."
Thus Bombarino ſpoke—"has fell deſpair
Forbid great Tuſcororo's ſoul to fear;
But why like women do we vainly ſcold?
Not words, but actions ſignalize the bold."
The furious chiefs now cloſe in horrid fight,
Reſolv'd to ſhew prodigious acts of might:
Thus in ſome flow'ry vale two bulls engage,
Whilſt ardent love inſpires a double rage;
Furious they ruſh, in fierce encounter cloſe,
With their ſharp horns redouble blows on blows.
Now gallantly each lord had broke his ſpear;
With trenchant blades they join in cloſer war:
Vain is the helmet, vain the plaited ſhield,
The ſtrength of ſteel muſt to their fury yield;
Huge cantlets of their armour ſtrew the ground,
And ſanguine torrents ſtream from ev'ry wound;
From the vext ſteel thick fiery ſparkles fly,
Dart thro' the air, and burn along the ſky;

Each

Each mighty giant hurls his flaming brand,
And wing'd deſtruction flies from either hand;
But lo! lord Bombarino's mighty blade,
By the deep art of Zolblomiſta made,
Swift cut proud Tuſcororo's blade in two;
Nor here its fury ſtopt — the ruſhing blow
Came thund'ring on the helmet of the knight,
Down ſinks the hero, darkneſs dims his ſight,
Gray miſts float round, and daze his ſwimming eyes,
By turns he lives, and now by turns he dies;
Grim Bombarino lop'd his head away;
Prone on tbe ground the headleſs champion lay:
A ſecond blow cleft Tonitruno's head,
And the old ſage lay number'd with the dead;
He ſtrove to fly, alas! he ſtrove in vain,
Faſt bound by death's ſtrong adamantine chain.
Where the dark cypreſs ſpreads an awful ſhade,
The mighty ſlain with decent pomp they laid;
The ſculptur'd marble and the well carv'd-gold
Their names, their lineage, and their actions told:
Lord Bombarine now plunges in the flood,
And laves his limbs diſtain'd with reeking blood.
Now glow'd the mid-day: ſun where the cool grove
With verdant boughs a ſhady texture wove,
Sage Zolblomiſta and each worthy lay,
Secure from all the glowing blaze of day:
A rural feaſt ſage Zolblomiſta ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmiling to his gueſts thus ſaid;
"Illuſtrious knights, the ſtorm of war is o'er;
Grim battle's brazen throat ſhall ceaſe to roar:

Long time the gods on ſacred virtue frown'd,
And Tuſcororo's lawleſs hopes were crown'd;
At length auſpicious heav'n has turn'd the ſcale,
And virtue's god-like champions now prevail.
Immortal Mantua let us now regain,
Where Bombarino and Merſylv' ſhall reign;
In holy marriage let the pair be join'd;
Such thoughts as theſe revolve within my mind;
For Glonbroſtrode, once fam'd above the ſkies,
A piteous ſight in deſert ruins lies."
Its better fate well knew the ſapient ſage;
Yet lay it latent in the depth of age.

End of the ninth CANTO.

CANTO X.

Dorinda opes lord Barutondo's tomb,
Relieves the hero from death's duſky gloom.

THus ſpoke the ſage—ſir Barutond grew wan,
And clay cold death embrac'd the mighty man:
With trembling voice, and lamentable look,
To Zolblomiſta and each knight he ſpoke;
" Illuſtrious chiefs, my final hour is nigh,
Each god tells Barutondo he muſt die;
Sepulchral honours, and a decent grave,
This the laſt boon that Barutond ſhall crave;
Panſelma, gen'rous Zolblomiſt' befriend;
Too ſoon my mother ſees my hapleſs end. "
From his vaſt frame immortal life now fled,
And each ſad eye ſaw Barutondo dead:

Each

Each noble heart now melts with mighty woe,
Adown their cheeks the briny torrents flow.
Where the black cypreſs ſhades the lonely vales,
Where the clear ſilver thro' the verdure ſteals,
A gorgeous tomb ſage Zolblomiſt' deſign'd,
With India's brighteſt wealth the marble ſhin'd:
With curious art the epitaph he wrought,
The diction noble, and ſublime the thought:
"This ſculptur'd marble coffins up a youth
Renown'd for valour, innocence, aud truth;
The plume of war, grim battles creſted pride,
His fame was glorious, when the hero died:
From Orſon's line the gallant warrior came,
Don Barutondo was the champion's name.
From the ſad tomb the worthy chiefs depart,
And with the dead each leaves his bleeding heart:
About his death, each his conjecture draws,
And moſt aſſign Merſylva as the cauſe.
Three glorious ſuns their golden light had ſhed,
Since Barutondo ſought the ſilent dead:
Now the fourth morning ſun aſcends his wain,
And lifts his blazing face above the main:
Where the brown cypreſs ſpreads his thickeſt gloom,
And duſky horrours ſhade the hero's tomb;
With the firſt dawn arriv'd a gallant knight,
Array'd in glitt'ring armour ſunny-bright:
White as the mountain's ſnow the warrior's ſhield,
(In which decypher'd was a yellow field:
Here a bold knight in crimſon armour ſhone,
His face reſplendent like the riſing ſun;

His

His floating plume was ſtain'd with ſable gore,
The martial portrait ſpoke him prince Medore.)
Black as the raven's plumes the champion's horſe,
His breaſt high-ſwelling with luxuriant force:
The knight diſmounts — his lofty ſteed he ty'd
To the grey willow by the river's ſide:
Beneath the lonely ſhade the chief reclin'd;
A ſcene how ſolemn to unbend his mind!
The awe-ful grove and the prophetick tomb,
Pronounc'd poor man's unalterable doom:
The tomb he view'd, the epitaph he read,
And on the marble laid his penſive head;
Deep from his breaſt he heav'd a piteous ſigh,
The ſalt tear trickling from each ſtreaming eye;
"Here ſleeps a youth in martial fields renown'd,
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry virtue crown'd;
Alas! no more he views the glad'ning ſun,
Too ſoon, too ſoon, his glaſs of life was run;
Such was the ſtrength, the bloom of my Medore,
Ah! much I fear the darling man's no more:
Pehaps he treads grim death's infernal glade,
A ſilent, mournful, viſionary, ſhade;
His naked corſe perhaps unburied lies,
Perhaps no friend was near to cloſe his eyes.
A milder lot, illuſtrious youth, was thine;
This curious work beſpeaks a hand divine.
The gods in ſtorms have frown'd upon my life;
Dead is the huſband, wretched is the wife:"
Thus while ſhe pours a guſhing flood of woe,
From the dark hollow of the tomb below,

A doleful groan ſtrikes liſt'ning fancy's ear,
Theſe mournful words ſhe heard, or ſeem'd to hear:
" Ah! had I fell on the inſanguin'd plain,
Beneath the arm of the vaſt giant ſlain,
The period of my life had been compleat,
Glorious, not wretched, had I deem'd my fate;
Gods! had I died! had ſpringing life no more
Refin'd the blood, the thick'ning maſs of gore:
Unhappy man, here make thy wretched moan,
Beneath theſe arches of eternal ſtone."
Rouz'd from her grief, aroſe the martial dame,
And much ſhe wonder'd whence theſe ſpeeches came;
" Some magic wood, ſome fairy-haunted grove,
Where wand'ring ghoſts, and empty ſpectres rove;
Some angry gods my footſteps here direct;
But ah! kind heav'n a lonely dame protect."
Thus to herſelf the female warrior ſigh'd;
From the deep tomb an hollow voice reply'd;
" Nor magic wood, nor fairy-haunted grove,
Where wand'ring ghoſts and empty ſpectres rove;
A wretched man here coffin'd up alive,
With mighty waves of trouble doom'd to ſtrive,
Sharp-pinching hunger and eternal night;
With ſuch grim foes! what human ſtrength can fight?
Ah! gentle lady aid a woeful man,
Ah! let ſoft pity lengthen out my ſpan;
Thy ſervant's prayers ſhall ſwift aſcend to heav'n,
And for thy kindneſs bleſſings ſhall be given."
A feeling ſpeech ſoon melts the female kind;
So his complaint ſoon thaw'd the ladies mind:

Her

Her ſilken hand the weighty marble rais'd,
Swift thro' the vault the gliding ſun-ſhine blazed:
A piteous ſight! the ſhrouded hero roſe,
His meagre aſpect told his mighty woes:
Soon as his eyes beheld the burſting day,
At once his life and ſpirits died away;
Prone on the ground his torpid limbs were ſpread,
And gloomy death now hover'd round his head:
Touch'd to the ſoul was the illuſtrious knight,
And much ſhe pitied Barutondo's plight:
Lo! now ſhe ſeeks the river's ſilver ſprings,
Tranſlucent water in her helmet brings;
The cooling water on his face ſhe pours,
And his pale eyes bedews with freſh'ning ſhow'rs:
At length immortal life reſum'd her ſeat,
And death reluctant ſounded a retreat.
Towards the azure concave of the ſkies,
Lord Barutondo caſt his wiſhful eyes;
To all the ætherial hoſt he breath'd this prayer,
"All-mighty Jove, and ev'ry god-head, hear;
On this fair dame may ev'ry pleaſure ſmile,
May golden days each miſery beguile;
May gentle ſunſhine gladden all her days;
May her name flouriſh in eternal lays;
Her ev'ry wiſh ye gentle zephyrs bring;
Let all her life be one continued ſpring:
Illuſtrious queen, what praiſes ſhall I give,
It's by your kindneſs Barutond does live;
But craving hunger, with imperious ſway,
Raves round my frame, and him we muſt obey."

A lofty tree the female knight aſcends,
Where the green bough with purple cluſters bends:
Her ſnowy hand the glowing grape now pulls,
And with nice art for him the choiceſt culls;
Then the wild murmurs of the ſtream ſhe ſought,
Refreſhing water for the worthy brought:
" Illuſtrious ſir, what rural wilds afford;
Such food as loads the ſimple peaſants board;
The food of Mankind in the golden age,
That beſt of times, unknown to guilty rage:
The ſtrength of wine thy vigour will reſtore,
And purple bloom ſhall ſparkle, as before."
The glad repaſt, the eager hero took,
And ſweet content ſat ſmiling on his look:
The rage of thirſt, and hunger, was repreſt,
And grateful accents eas'd his lab'ring breaſt;
Then the fair knight with melting ſweetneſs ſpoke,
And winning graces dimpl'd in her look;
" Thanks to the gods! the ſoul-rejoicing wine
Has lent new vigour to this man divine;
Life's youthful bloom, gay-ſparkles in his face;
His godlike mein beſpeaks ſome noble race;
Should he the ſtory of his life unfold,
Dorinda's deeds ſhould not remain untold."
Then noble Barutondo made reply;
(On the illuſtrious queen he fix'd his eye)
" Immortal queen, what thanks can I beſtow,
To thee my life, my liberty, I owe:
When fair Dorinda bids who can refuſe?
Behold! a tale meet for the tragic muſe:

Ad-

Adventures ſtrange! from the miſtruſtful ear,
The name of falſifier much I'd fear:
But gentle worthies, in romance well read,
Such wondrous tales imbibe with pleaſing dread." 165

End of the tenth CANTO.

CANTO XI.

To fair Dorinda, Barutond relates,
His ſtrange adventures, and his various fates.

"DIvine Eudoxo was my father's name,
A chief enrol'd among the ſons of fame;
Well was he ſkill'd, the ſtorm of war to guide,
And ſtem tremendous ſlaughter's bloody tide:
O'er the wide Alps extended was his reign,
The ſnow-crown'd mountain and the verdant plain:
The fair Florinda beautiful as good,
(Deſcended from Sicambro's royal Blood)
In early years the gods aſſign'd his wife;
Alas! too ſoon they cut his thread of life.
Three ſilver moons beheld the happy pair;
Love's ſilken yoke with ſweet content they wear:

But

But brazen clangors now my father call,
And the ſhrill trumpet echoes round his hall:
He fell beneath the rage of Tuſcorore,
His wounds all glorious, all receiv'd before:
Then to my mother grateful was the tomb;
But oh! ſhe bore his offspring in her womb:
Great Zolblomiſta's ſuccour ſhe implor'd,
For much ſhe dreaded Tuſcororo's ſword:
Now when my mother's months were full compleat,
Safe was I born (ſuch was the will of fate)
Now thrice three years were come and paſt away,
Since firſt my eyes beheld the radiant day:
Me Zolblomiſta from my mother took,
T' extract ſweet wiſdom out of nature's book:
Another youth for the ſame purpoſe came,
My worthy compeer, Bombarine his name;
Here in wild ſhades we ſpent the balmy day,
Chac'd the wild boar, or tun'd the ſilver lay:
With hony'd precepts Zolblomiſta kind,
To ſacred virtue, wrought each tender mind;
His precepts by example ſtill he prov'd,
His ſpeech perſwaſive ev'ry paſſion mov'd;
Our ſwelling fire was cool'd by reaſon's fan,
By mild reproofs of the good-natur'd man:
Pleas'd we beheld ourſelves in vig'rous prime,
Fair virtue's ſons, unſtain'd by any crime;
Then noble Bombarine ſought Glonbroſtrode,
(So Alpine peaſants name the chief's abode)
In ſacred friendſhip's bonds we both were join'd;
Two bodies actuated by one mind:

For

For Bombarino Barutond would die,
And Bombarine for him, ſo ſtrong's the tye:
With god-like Zolblomiſta ſtill I ſtay'd,
And dwell'd with virtue in the ſylvan ſhade.
Now had Aurora purpled o'er the eaſt;
The tuneful lark had broke my ſilken reſt;
And now I trod the dew-beſpangled plain,
Lull'd by the muſic of a piping ſwain:
Swift as the whirlwind or the burſting rill,
Two mighty chiefs deſcended from the hill;
Array'd in ſable arms was either knight,
Their naked blades portended bloody fight;
To me each ſwain with rapid footſteps ran;
With ſpeech abrupt the foremoſt chief began.
" Say where does Zolblomiſta make abode,
To his fair grotto point the ſhorteſt road:
By lordly Bombarino's high command,
I ſeek a warrior in this fairy land."
" Declare the gallant champions name, quoth I?"
" Lord Barutond," the other made reply;
With pleaſing ſmiles the hero's face I ſcan,
And then reply'd — " behold the wiſh'd-for man;
Say gallant knight how fares my noble friend?
Say does he for his Barutondo ſend?
(The knight a paper from his boſom drew)
" Lord Barutond this letter is for you;
Good Bombarino's pen has here expreſt,
The flood of cares revolving in his breaſt."
My worthy friend's epiſtle then I read,
And copiouſly the briny ſorrow ſhed:

In the ſame ſtrains, or ſuch like ſtrains as theſe,
His piteous plight the god-like chief diſplays;

LETTER

From Bombarino to Barutondo.

HAſte, haſte, ye breezes, daughters of the ſpring,
Waft the words of Bombarino to the friend of his boſom:
The tempeſt of the battle roars round my dwelling;
The gates of my ſtrength are inveſted by thouſands:
If the arm of Barutondo was nigh,
My ſtrength ſhould be as the bars of a caſtle,
I would be as the lion in the paths of the deſart:
E'er the ſun withdraws the curtain of the night,
Let the ſound of thy voice be heard in the hall of thy friend.
Excite the vaſſals of my ſtrength as thou comeſt.

BOMBARINO.

In ſun-bright arms myſelf I then array'd,
Faſt by my ſide I hung my trenchant blade;
With headlong haſte we take the ſhorteſt way;
Each gliding ſecond ſeem'd a polar day.
Soon as great Bombarino's vaſſals heard
Their maſter's hap, a gen'rous rage appear'd:
Each loyal ſubject ſheaths himſelf in arms,
Pants for the thunder of war's wild alarms;
A thouſand gen'rous horſemen ruſh along,
Swift as the torrent, as the torrent ſtrong.
Now o'er the hills Sol ſhot his evening beam,
The weſtern clouds reflect a crimſon gleam:
Down the ſteep rocks our headlong courſe we bend,
And to the valley's gloomy depth deſcend:
Here grim Storgolgo's furious hoſt advance,
A gallant train well arm'd with ſword and lance;
Before the reſt th' enormous giant rode,
His mighty courſer pants beneath the load.
The ſhrill-voic'd trumpet each bold knight inſpir'd,
And fell revenge each eager ſpirit fir'd:
Now blood-ſtain'd ſlaughter's rage-ful force began;
Steed fell on ſteed, and man expir'd on man;
Beneath my arm the great Storgolgo fell,
And his ſoul ſought the gloomy depths of hell:
Inflam'd to tenfold rage the battle burn'd,
Their waſted vigour now a new return'd:
At length each hoſt in cruel fight was ſlain,
The younger * knight and I alone remain;
Us in a thicket Zolblomiſta found,
The kind magician heal'd each gapng wound:

* The younger of lord Bombarino's knights, *viz.* Randolpho.

Some fav'ring gods to the ſame forreſt bring,
Lord Bombarino and an Africk king;
Then gallant Bombarino's mighty blade
Sent Tuſcororo to hell's gloomy ſhade;
The ſelf ſame hand lopp'd Tonitruno's head,
And the Magician ſought the ſilent dead.
Where the green boughs in ſloping arches bend,
Sage Zolblomiſta and each worthy friend,
In ſocial converſe ſit — then each declares
His valiant deeds, and ſhews his glorious ſcars:
Then was my frame by death's cold hand compreſt,
My ſpirit ſtruggl'd in my throbbing breaſt;
Then was I laid in the all-ſilent grave,
But you kind goddeſs was at hand to ſave.

End of the eleventh CANTO.

CANTO XII.

The fair Dorinda here unfolds her woes,
And Bombarine obtains long-ſought repoſe.

HEre Barutondo ceas'd — the martial dame
Reply'd, " ſir knight, how pleaſing is your theme:
Your luckleſs hap in feeling language dreſt,
Would draw ſoft pity from the hardeſt breaſt;
The promis'd boon how willing I'd deny;
But worſe than hell my ſoul deteſts a lye;
My life, my name, my lineage, I'll diſcloſe,
A piteous tale inwrought with mighty woes:
The Mauritanians once my father ſway'd,
Gently he rul'd, and gladly they obey'd;
Sanzore his name, in war, in peace, well ſkill'd,
Matchleſs in counſel, matchleſs in the field:

Speranza, Biledulgerid's fair queen,
Of matchleſs morals and of blameleſs mein;
With Sanzore mingled in the joys of love,
Joys not unworthy of the thund'ring Jove;
Behold the offspring of their warm embrace,
The ſoften'd portrait of her father's face:
How ſhort! how ſweet their joys! — relentleſs death,
Soon ſnatch'd away my tender mother's breath:
War's ſhrill-voic'd trumpet now began to roar,
And crouded legions blacken'd all the ſhore;
Zanfaro, proud Numidia's haughty lord,
In Sanzore's boſom plung'd the ſhining ſword;
Me a ſmall captive to his court he brought;
An helpleſs child in reaſon's lore untaught:
How great! how noble was Zanfaro's mind!
To me a father, and a mother kind;
Ev'n me he honour'd as his darling boy,
Divine Medore, his father's only joy;
Illuſtrious youth, how oft with thee I ſtray'd
Thro' flowry vallies and the green-wood ſhade;
How oft we chac'd the ſavage of the wood,
And hook'd each tenant of the ſilver flood:
In one ſmooth ſcene of joy our moments flow,
And mutual tranſports in each boſom glow;
While ſtreams deſcend in murmurs from the hills,
While the plain gladdens with the plenteous rills,
Medoro and Dorinda ſtill ſhall love;
We ſwore by him, who rules the ſtars above.
A length of years elaps'd — grim Mavors rag'd,
And mighty kings with dreadful ire engag'd:

Lo now! divine Medoro's fame began,
Lo now! his god-like actions prove the man;
For him Arzophal by prevailing charms,
Of bright carbuncle made immortal arms;
In his bright buckler blaz'd the golden ſun,
When half his courſe the lamp of day had run:
Gods! how he thunder'd in the ranks of fight,
Millions on millions ſunk beneath his might:
Like the ſwift eagle, or the lion ſtrong,
O'er hills of ſlain the warrior pour'd along;
His voice like thunder, and his flaming brand
Like the red light'ning from th' all-mighty hand:
How wide extended was his glorious fame!
Proud Africk trembled at his very name:
Each king from great Zanfaro held his throne;
Each king grew pallid at his fearleſs ſon.
Gay-blooming peace her olive branches ſpread,
And raging battle hung his drowſy head:
Divine Medoro now accoſts his ſire,
With gallant freedom and extatick fire;
"My royal father, hear a ſon's requeſt,
And let his words be ponder'd in thy breaſt;
To guard thy honour from the liſted foe,
I bid my gen'rous blood profuſely flow;
For thee the torrent of the war I brave,
Fight the wild ſtorm, and ſtem the rapid wave;
All-mighty Jove has crown'd us with ſucceſs;
See! haughty monarchs humbly ſue for peace:
Grant this dear wiſh — Oh let thy ſon Medore
Poſſeſs the daughter of the good Sanzore."

The gen'rous prince conſents—the knot was ty'd,
Pleas'd I beheld myſelf Medoro's bride.
Morocco's queen, enrich'd with ſunny charms,
Took brave Alinzor to her royal arms;
To grace the nuptials of the blooming queen,
Romantick tilts and tournaments were ſeen;
Thither divine Medoro went to prove,
His matchleſs valour, and his matchleſs love.
Thrice had the moon her menſtrual courſe now run,
And her fourth circuit now ſhe had begun;
Nor yet the partner of my ſoul return'd;
Penſive I ſigh'd, and anxiouſly I mourn'd:
Behold! a vaſt reſolve, to ſeek Medore,
O'er the broad ocean, and the length-ful ſhore:
Good old Zanfaro but diſſwades in vain,
Still obſtinate my purpoſe I maintain;
To me a ring the good Arzophal gave,
(A truſty friend in time of need to ſave)
Array'd in knightly arms I took my way,
And travel'd onwards till this very day;
This the ſad ſtory of my woes indeed;
The bare recital bids my heart to bleed."
With rapture fir'd, lord Barutond replies,
(Exalted friendſhip ſparkled in his eyes)
"Illuſtrious queen, your toils are almoſt done,
Lately I've ſeen the champion of the ſun;
With Zolblomiſta and his royal train,
Divine Medoro meaſures the wide plain:
When I forſook the joyful paths of men,
Numidia's lord with Zolblomiſt' was then;

For

For verdant Mantua the chiefs were bound,
(Each gallant chief with living lawrels crown'd)
Thither my guardian goddeſs will I guide,
And the brave huſband ſoon ſhall ſee his bride. "
A flood of joy oppreſt her noble ſoul,
And her fond lover actuates the whole:
" My worthy friend, lord Barutondo lead,
For thy vaſt kindneſs, nameleſs be the meed. "
Nor ſteed, nor arms, lord Barutondo had;
His heart was troubled, and his viſage ſad:
His ſplendid arms lord Zolblomiſta hung,
Where the grey willow o'er the river ſprung;
His courſer fed the winding bank beſide:
Both ſteed and arms the blooming queen eſpy'd.
Swiftly they paſs along the duſty road,
And each hot courſer felt the thrilling goad.
Twice they beheld the ſun's meridian ray,
Yet ſtill they meaſur'd out the tedious way;
Dwell'd o'er the means the gods ordain'd to ſave
Great Barutondo from the gloomy grave:
And now elate in fancy's mirrour view,
Thoſe hopeful plains where Mantua's poplars grew:
Already had the ſun's refulgent rays
Involv'd the æther in a boundleſs blaze;
When o'er the plain lord Barutond eſpies
Black clouds of duſt o'er-ſhading all the ſkies:
Then the great hero — " moſt illuſtrious queen,
Behold a winged horſeman o'er the green:
Leſs ſwift the eagle, or the pinnace glide,
Thro' fields of air, or thro' the liquid tide: "

He

He ſaid, and ſtraight in low reſpectful ſtrain
He knew Cogollos proſtrate on the plain:
In antient days when Glonbroſtrodo ſtood,
And fatted oxen pour'd their purple blood;
When Bombarino ſpread the ſplendid feaſt,
And ev'ry ſtranger was his welcome gueſt;
Twas then Cogollos' office to unfold
The ſolid gates of adamantine mold;
Each paſſing knight in courteous guiſe to call,
T' indulge the banquet in his maſter's hall:
Cogollos then lord Barutond addreſt,
And as he ſpoke, he bow'd his waving creſt;
"Illuſtrious worthy and moſt royal dame,
Know, that from Glonbroſtrodo's lord I came;
Gueſs but the ſwelling tranſports of his mind,
His friend, his Barutond', once more to find:
Of Zolblomiſta all he comes to know,
Thy piteous ſtate and lamentable woe;
And how (ſo fate ordain'd) the royal dame
Bade life's warm ſun-ſhine animate thy frame:
When firſt great knight you ſought death's gloomy reign;
Lord Bombarino and his royal train,
With tearful eye and heavy aſpect rode,
Paſt by the ſpot where once ſtood Glonbroſtrode;
What wild amazement chain'd each worthy's ſpeech!
Lo! the tall poplar and wide-ſpreading beech,
The founding pine, each monarch of the ſhade,
His verdant umbrage o'er the plain diſplay'd:

High

High o'er this rural wall of ſpringing green,
The tow'ry caſtle's top-moſt ſpire was ſeen;
They ſought an entrance, entrance was deny'd;
From the deep ſhade a hollow voice reply'd;
" The gallant champion, who ſhall pierce this ſhade,
Muſt wear the ring by great Arzophal made. "
Arzophal's wond'rous ring had prince Medore,
Straight at his touch unfolds the verdant door:
The worthies banquet in the pillar'd hall,
And ſocial gladneſs rays his ſmiles o'er all:
Commiſſion'd by my ever honour'd lord,
I wait to guide you to his genial board. "
Now in the weſt the radiant eye of day
Bath'd in the red'ning wave his purple ray;
His yellow ſplendours o'er the mountains ſtream,
And Glonbroſtrodo's ſpires reflect the gleam;
Its gorgeous tow'rs now ſtrike the gladden'd ſight
Of Barutondo and the female knight;
Its echoing murmurs their arrival told,
And in loud clangors ſounded from the gold:
What tranſports ſwell'd each chief's exalted breaſt,
In ſimple rhymes but ill can be expreſt:
Let wing'd imagination's force conceive,
The gen'rous feelings of the truly brave.
Now in the hall ten thouſand tapers blaze,
And to the cieling throw their vivid rays:
On the bright board the banquet now is ſpread,
The well-fed ox in Alpine vallies bred,
With gen'rous wines the regal feaſt is crown'd,
And god-like muſics elevating ſound:

There the old bard, the rev'rend ſon of ſongs,
With tales of old the genial mirth prolongs.
In the impurpled eaſt the morning glow'd,
Still ſung the bard, and ſtill the goblet flow'd.

FINIS.

POEMS

ON THE

FOUR SISTER ARTS, *viz.*

ELOQUENCE, POETRY, || PAINTING, and MUSIC:

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

POEMS

ON THE

FOUR SISTER ARTS, &c.

PROVIDENCE, PAINTING,
POETRY, and Music:

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ELOQUENCE.

NOw the ſun's ev'ning ray o'er-hangs the deep,
The glaſs-like wave reflects the crimſon glow,
And all is heav'nly muſic wide around:
Now let me take calm contemplation's walk
Thro' rural fields, view glorious nature's charms,
Stray ſolitary deep-abſorpt in thought.
Behold! yon lofty promontory's top,
Crown'd with the umbrage of the friendly bough;
Behold! the verdant cave ſcoop'd from the rock
By nature's hand: here let me lonely ſit,
Whilſt rural ſonnets ſound from ev'ry grove;
The vig'rous trees are crown'd with leafy pride,

And gaudy ſummer ſmiles o'er all the ſcene.
What is our theme? come heav'n-born eloquence,
The muſe commands: you claim each muſe's ſong,
Not my weak verſe, but mighty Homer's ſtrain,
Or Thomſon's by true liberty inſpir'd.
Without thee what were all the gen'rous thoughts,
Which glow in the exalted patriot's breaſt?
What were philoſophy's exhauſtleſs ſtores,
That queen of nations, daughter fair of heav'n?
What was the raptur'd fancy, ſky-bound heat,
Of the divine enthuſiaſtic bard,
Unleſs gay-damaſk'd o'er with the rich hues
Of eloquence ſmooth-flowing from the tongue?
What are th' inchanting pow'rs of eloquence!
How clear! how ſtrong! when arm'd in virtue's cauſe,
Strong as the luſtre of the mid-day ſun,
Clear as the azure of the cloudleſs ſky:
Tremble pale vice! now ſcreen thy guilty head,
Call night's black ſhade, call all the gloom of hell,
Nor ſtem the torrent of her virtuous rage.
The tyrant arm'd with ſettled confidence,
Breathing defiance againſt heav'n itſelf,
Stain'd with illuſtrious virtue's ſacred blood,
Loaded with curſes from th' afflicted heart,
Which felt the ſcourge of his tyrannic pride,
Pierc'd by thy arrows ſhudders at himſelf;
All, all, his guilty ſoul is on the rack:
Lo! wond'rous ſtrange, his cheeks confeſs a bluſh.
Unhappy he, enrich'd with eloquence,
But ſlave to ev'ry low and ſordid vice,

Whoſe

Whoſe narrow heart endures to take a bribe,
Whoſe country's love is trod beneath his feet:
Now half the worth of eloquence is loſt;
The voice of lowly-cringing flattery ſpeaks
Smooth-flowing words, the ſoft beguiling tone;
The tongue, which late ſtorm'd loud for liberties,
And took up armour in its country's cauſe,
Huſh'd by the power of all-prevailing gold,
Huſh'd by ſome gay preferment got at court,
Dumb is its voice, and gone the patriot roar.
Hail! virtuous eloquence, all-potent queen,
Thou firm ſupport of kingdoms and of kings,
Inciter fair to ev'ry noble art;
By thee and virtue link'd in diamond chain,
Long have fair-viſag'd fraud, baſe bribery,
Corruption vile, and avarice been foil'd:
Tho' by theſe hell-wrought engines cloſe beſieg'd,
The city ſtill held up her ſinking head,
By love of liberty and thee ſuſtained,
As long-defended Athens well can prove:
Dim'd was the keen Athenian luſtre now,
Lull'd in the lap of mean inglorious eaſe;
Sweetly ſhe ſlumber'd—ſunk her martial flame,
Sunk her ambition for the publick good,
And ev'ry virtue ſilent as the grave:
No more her gates pour'd fourth th' imbattled war,
Firm band of patriots, ſouls fix'd as fate,
To nobly conquer, or to nobly die;
No more her naval pow'r choak'd up the deep,
Nor reign'd unrival'd o'er the mid-land main;

No more ſhe's honour'd as the queen of Greece:
Lo! deep in golden luxury and eaſe,
Breaſt-high ſhe ſwims, and gaily floats along;
The names of Marathon and Salamis,
No more are foſter'd in their low-liv'd thoughts:
The pleaſures of the theatre imploy
Their gliding moments; the well-manag'd ſcene
Is deem'd of greater greater moment far,
Than their own liberty and life itſelf.
Unſinew'd Greece the Macedonian ey'd,
Lo! from the north he pours a num'rous train,
An hardy band inur'd to toilſome war;
Like ſome fierce torrent ruſhing down a ſteep,
Sudden he burſts and floods the wide-ſpread plain,
Swiftly he ſeiz'd the far-fam'd mountain paſs,
At once the glory and diſgrace of Greece.
The black-brow'd tempeſt now comes lowring on,
Frowning deſtruction — Awaken'd Athens rears
Her nodding head, and fain would nod again.
But lo! an heav'n-inſpired ſage aroſe,
The ſun of eloquence now ſhot his beams,
And rouz'd the nations — ſwell'd with all his rage,
Fierce the Athenians ruſh and call for arms;
Bright in each breaſt true patriotick zeal
Burns — the Macedonian here was ſtopt,
And ſtopt his headlong torrent of ſucceſs,
The force of ſteel, the ſtronger force of gold,
By virtuous eloquence was here diſarm'd:
That glorious phalanx, terror of the plain,
Invincible, infrangible itſelf,

Broke the deep ranks of grim embattled war,
Broke the tough force of plaited helm and ſhield,
Sretch'd the proud ſteed and rider in the duſt:
In vain the wild mountain, horrid and ſublime,
Stretch'd his huge wood-clad ſummit to the clouds;
In vain the thundring torrent roar'd between;
In vain the barren wild; in vain the ſtorm
Blew rattling rain and hail-ſhot in their teeth;
In vain the ſea of ice and hill of ſnow;
The northern nations trembled at their name;
Fell'd ſoon beneath the vigour of their arms
Thrace and Illyria, and her barb'rous ſons:
His country's bulwark, great Demoſthenes,
Repell'd their fury in its full carreer
Hail! glorious ſage, who conquer'd nature's ſelf;
Tho' not with flowing eloquence endow'd,
And all the ſoft perſuaſions of the tongue;
But yet by care and aſſiduity
Unconquerable, he enjoy'd his wiſh,
And like the noon-tide ſun blaz'd out at laſt;
How oft he ſat beſide the hoarſe ſea-ſhore,
Suiting the cadence of his untun'd voice
To the wild murmurs of the ſounding main:
Thus the rough hill, the barren mountain's top,
Till'd by the hands of the induſtrious ſwain,
Floats with the golden waves of Ceres gay,
Or ſmiles envermil'd with the dyes of ſpring.
What will not unremitting labour do
In virtues cauſe, and by her ſoul inſpir'd?
Had not Rome fallen from her tow'ry height

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Or ſmiles envermil'd with the dyes of ſpring.
What will not unremitting labour do
In virtues cauſe, and by her ſoul inſpir'd?
Had not Rome fallen from her tow'ry height

When * her own bowels with fierce rage rebell'd?
Had not the ſenate ſwam in their own blood?
Unleſs the ſecond father of proud Rome,
By his perſuaſive nervous eloquence
Had hurl'd down headlong the perfidious tribe
To raven-wing'd perdition and hell's gloom.
But why ſo far excurſive now my muſe?
Behold! the glories of thy native iſle;
Behold! a ſecond ſun of eloquence
Springs from the aſhes of Demoſthenes,
As the bright Phœnix from his glorious fire.
Hail! gen'rous L——d, heav'n-inſtructed ſage,
Clear ſun-ſhine lent by the all-mighty Lord
To gild the narrow path that leads to him:
Where are the merits of Demoſthenes?
He ſaves the Athenians — L——d ſaves a world:
He ſoars above this little ſpeck of earth,
Wings his high flight above the higheſt ſtar,
And views the God of nature on his throne;
He thunders terror in the guilty breaſt;
Behold! the impious Atheiſt ſtands aghaſt,
Trembling he views the yawning gulph of hell;
How ſmiles the good man? what calm pious joy
Screen his ſoul? how ſmooth his placid brow?
When his commanding eloquence depaints
Th' immortal pleaſures of the good in heav'n.

* This alludes to Catiline's conſpiracy.

POETRY.

THUS while I muſe beneath the awful ſhade,
Which ſheds a ſolemn ſadneſs o'er my ſoul,
And calmly view the ſmooth unruffled main
Reflect the purple of the bending ſky:
My infant muſe expands her tender wing,
And ſportive flutters in ſol's ev'ning beam;
Now in too daring numbers has ſhe ſung
Perſuaſive eloquence, the patriot ſage,
Who fir'd by freedom and his country's love,
Speaks the free language of the honeſt breaſt.
All nature's ſtill — but why this quiv'ring blaze?
Seraphick forms now glide athwart the ſhade,

Sublime

Sublime my ſpirit with ætherial ray,
Beyond this earth, beyond the ſun and ſtars;
With awful majeſty they now command,
To ſing the glories of the ſiſter arts.
Child of the eaſt and daughter of the ſun,
Thou ſpring of pleaſures heav'nly poeſy;
How thy idea ſwells my raptur'd breaſt!
Words ill can paint the raptures of my ſoul.
O thou eternal ſun-ſhine of mankind,
Their ſping-tide bloſſom and autumnal crop,
Still let my genius ripen in thy beams,
And reap the fruits of thy delicious clime.
'Tis thine immortal maid, 'tis thine to raiſe
The kindling ſoul, to bid her walk the ſkies,
Above the circle of the ſun and moon,
And the blue concave of the firmament:
What e'er is great, what e'er is wonderful,
What e'er can boaſt ætherial beauty's bloom,
'Tis thine immortal goddeſs to beſtow:
Th' enlightned ſoul of man, by thee inſpired,
Takes in ſtupendous nature's utmoſt round,
And caſts a glance into immenſity:
By thy prevailing magick dread amaze,
Reigns uncontroll'd o'er all the ſons of men;
The airy phantom and the ſolemn tale
Cloath baleful horrors, in gay pleaſures ſmiles,
Gigantick heroes, whoſe enormous ſize,
Surpaſs'd the juſt proportion, whoſe vaſt ſtrength
Shook nature's ſelf on her eternal throne;
Oft have they torn the mountain from his baſe,

(In

(In vain his rivers and his waſte of woods)
They've rent the azure concave with their voice,
And echo'd thunder in a louder ſound:
Lo! fell inchanters, a tremendous train,
Ride on the pinions of the rapid wind,
Call forth the ſhrouded ſpectres from the grave,
Bid them to glide beneath the duſky moon,
And ſhake the curtains of the death-ſick man.
Brighter than the unclouded blaze of day,
Or blacker than the raven-wing of night,
Each ſtriking portrait by thy ſkill is drawn,
Romantick virtue, or infernal vice.
'Tis thine to cloath each hill and fertile vale
With the green mantle of the ſmiling ſpring,
Or bid the plain float with autumnal gold.
In thy ſoft ſong how ſmooth the ſliding ſtream!
How gay the landſcape, and how cool the ſhade!
How wild! and how romantick is the grot,
Hung with the tap'ſtry of the ivy green!
The ſtill and pleaſing ſcenes of rural life,
The gentle ſhepherd and the ſhepherdeſs,
The flocks gay ſporting on the velvet lawn,
The turf-built cottage, and each rural ſport,
Scenes in themſelves, that with an innate joy
To ev'ry ſoft ſenſation woo the ſoul;
Yet in thy page a double worth obtain,
Ting'd by the dyes of fancy's gorgeous ray.
Firſt in the golden eaſt the dawning beam
Of poeſy gleam'd forth — thoſe gentle ſwains,
Who dwell'd beſide Euphrates' ſilver flood,

First felt the vigour of her cheering ray:
'Twas the conſpiring genius of their clime
'Twas the romantick rural life they led,
That ſwell'd their ſouls with theſe exalted ſcenes,
Scenes which ſhall flouriſh in unfading ſong.
E'er the ſun peep'd above the hoary ſea,
Or wav'd his crimſon banners thro' the ſky,
The wakeful ſhepherd from his bed up ſprung:
Thrice happy he! 'twas he alone enjoy'd
The ſweets of nature, 'twas for him the morn
Don'd her fair virgin bluſh, for him the dews
In pearly drops reflect ten thouſand ſuns:
Nature was then the poet's glorious theme,
From nature then he learn'd the godlike ſong,
And inſpiration warbled thro' each ſhade:
Bold is the genius of the eaſtern bard,
Vaſt as the concave of the ſkies his ſoul,
Wild and prodigious is his ev'ry thought,
Yet ſtill divine ſimplicity, beyond
The brighteſt poliſh of refining art,
Draws from the hearer the approving ſmile:
Divinely noble is his glowing ſtile;
His are the whiſpers of the vernal breeze,
And his the thunders of the ſummer ſky.
Ye ſacred ſages, ye celeſtial ſprings
Of inſpiration, the ſtill voice of heav'n,
In noon-tide viſions, and nocturnal dreams,
Unfolded God's high purpoſe oft to you.
Illuſtrious David, hail! thou king of ſongs,
Thou firſt of men! thou beſt belov'd of heav'n!

Thine was the harp, and thine the heav'n-taught hymn.
When thy ſoul ponder'd on the various ſcenes
Of ſtormy life, and when thy reaſon weigh'd,
In even ſcale, the mercies of thy God;
Thou praiſedſt him, who bids the flinty rock,
Burſt into ſtreams of chryſtal, and who cloaths
The ſandy deſert with the robes of ſpring.
Oft when I muſe in ſome ſequeſter'd grove,
When ſetting ſuns extend the duſky ſhade;
Thou royal pſalmiſt in ſome gentle gale,
Oh! whiſper inſpiration to my breaſt.
Nor did the wide-extended Eaſt alone
Baſk in the ſmiles of golden poeſy;
Born on the morning's wings ſhe ſoar'd aloft,
And journey'd onwards with the circling ſun:
At length in Greece ſhe ſtay'd her rapid courſe,
Pleas'd with the genius of that ſunny clime;
The ſoul of poetry, hence Homer ſprung,
And hence immortal Pindar's ſounding lyre,
And the great maſters of the tragick ſcene,
Who ſooth'd th' Athenians with the moral lay:
Next in Heſperia's ſoil the muſes ſhone,
And ſwell'd the grandure of imperial Rome,
(Her deeds enobled by poetick ſong)
Like the bright ſun at noon, then Virgil roſe;
The Latin Pindar then attun'd his ode
To the vibrations of the trembling ſtrings;
When the full-flowing goblet he indulg'd,
And mirth and muſick crown'd the joyous feaſt,

Then

Then was his ſoul enlarg'd, and then indeed,
He drank the limpid Heliconian ſpring.
Should but my muſe attempt in feeble verſe
To ſing the merits of each ancient bard,
Then ſhould ſhe fail unequal to the taſk,
(Her waxen pinions melted in the ſun.)
Now o'er a tract of twice five hundred years
We paſs, for Gothick darkneſs veil'd the land,
And ignorance and ſuperſtition dire,
Black fiends of hell, roam'd licens'd o'er the earth:
At length the morning ſtar of ſcience roſe,
Leo, whoſe glorious name the muſe ſhall ſing,
(For to the muſe he was a ſtedfaſt friend.)
Once more each ſhady grove and flow'ry vale,
Reſounds the vocal ſong — where Mantua's ſwain
To rural reed once tun'd his gentle lay;
Thoſe ſhades, which whiſper'd Amaryllis once,
Thoſe ſtreams, which murmur'd to Menalca's ſong,
Now wave their boughs to tender Petrarch's voice,
Now ſmoothly flow to Stella's liquid name:
O Petrarch! thine was love's unſully'd flame,
Thine was the pleaſing languor of the ſoul,
The tear full-ſpringing, and the heart-felt ſigh:
Oft when the ev'ning ſpread her duſky ſhade,
Then thou indulg'd the ſolitary walk
Thro' pendant glooms beſide ſome falling brook;
The ſadly-pleaſing ſcene then oft inſpir'd
The melting ſonnet to thy Stella's praiſe.
Hail! Arioſto genius nobly-wild!
Thy piece irregular but charming ſtill:

Thine

Thine the attractive beauty of Romance;
Lo! thro' a wildly-pleaſing labyrinth,
Of knights, of fairies, and gigantick deeds,
We tread perplex'd, yet ev'n thy errors pleaſe:
So fares the man, who in ſome lonely clime,
Led by ſome evil ſpir't, has miſs'd the path,
Which guides his foot-ſteps to the wiſh'd-for way;
Yet ſcarcely could he chuſe his hap revers'd,
Hurry'd thro' mazy ſcenes of endleſs bliſs;
The ſteep-aſcending mountain, and the vale,
Unfolding all the treaſures of the ſpring,
The ſtream meandring thro' the verdant lawn,
(A ſcene how pleaſing in the ſummer tide!)
And the brown foreſt ſtretching wide around.
Taſſo, to thee each muſe a tribute owes,
To thee the ſun-beam of Italian ſong,
To thee belongs each elegance and grace;
Nature from thee receives her fineſt tints;
In thee the pleaſing and the grand ſublime,
United are into a perfect whole;
So the great maſter of the clear obſcure, *
In juſt proportion blending light and ſhade,
Bids ev'ry ſoft and amiable grace
Flow from his pencil. On the tempeſt's wing
High-born, we ſoar towards the Northern pole,
Till Albion's golden clime our journey ſtays,
A land which ſmiles beneath a double ſun:
Now on ſome lonely clift, whoſe gloomy brow
Projects black horror on the deep below

Still

* Correggio.

Still rock'd by tempeſts and the laſhing wave,
My muſe ſhall perch and view the bliſsful iſle,
Of antient Rome the genius here retir'd;
The ardent courage, and the god-like love
Of liberty here glows.—Each gen'rous bard
Breaths Britiſh freedom thro' the Britiſh ſong.
Fain would my muſe their vivi'd lawrels ſing,
And never-dying praiſe, but who can count
The ſtarry ſpangles of the glowing ſky?
Thrice happy he! who in the ſpring of youth
Invites the willing muſes to his ſoul;
To future times his fame ſhall be conſign'd,
His name immortal as his deathleſs ſong:
Nor let each vulgar mortal idly dream,
That the ſmooth numbers of a flowing line,
Or the quick ſallies of a fine-ſpun thought
Can conſtitute the poet; he alone
Deſerves that glorious, that immortal name,
Whoſe ſoul exalted far beyond this earth,
Spurns at each mean, at each ignoble thought,
Glory his only prize—all the vaſt wealth,
Hid in the bowels of the deep-dug earth,
Golconda's diamonds, and Peruvian mines,
Are as meer nothings to his god-like wiſh.
Calm contemplation oft muſt he indulge,
Far from the buſy ſcenes of toilſome life,
Secreted in ſome lonely pleaſing vale,
His mind as tranquil as a vernal eve.

PAINTING.

PAINTING.

FAM'D be the orator's and poets worth,
Still let the laurel ſhade their honour'd brows,
Still let Demoſthenes and Homer bloom,
And ſhine with native luſtre like the ſun.
Shall not divine Apelles grace our ſong,
Whoſe heav'n-wrought pencil bid the Paphian queen
Riſe in a bluſh of beauty from the main?
Say ſhall not Raphael crown our raptur'd page,
Whoſe manly touches ſtrike like Homer's flame?
And gentle Titian, whoſe refined art
Vies with the poliſh of the Mantuan lay?
Firſt Greece, the queen of ev'ry gen'rous art,

Of

Of ſacred ſcience and philoſophy,
In her kind boſom nurs'd the blooming maid.
When liberty exalted ev'ry thought,
And bid the tyrant tremble at her name;
When her proud navy triumph'd o'er the deep,
And aw'd the mornarchs of remoteſt climes,
From the ſun's riſing to his ſetting throne:
'Twas then the ſpacious porticoes diſplay'd,
Their glorious battles, their fore-father's deeds.
The martial aſpect, the heroick ſcar.
The artiſt kindling with his country's love,
With his bold pencil on the canvaſs paints
The proſtrate Perſian, and the conqu'ring Greek.
God's! how he wiſhes to have ſeen the day,
That glorious day! Had his thrice happy ſword
Been dy'd in Eaſtern blood — Oh! had his ſpear
Fell'd ſome proud tyrant on th' enſanguin'd plain;
His picture then had nature's ſelf out done.
When the great genius of the publick good,
With radiant flame illum'd each god-like breaſt,
Nor in-bred diſcord in loud thunder roar'd;
With higheſt bloom the ſiſter arts then ſhone,
Then with their poliſh ſmooth'd the roughned ſoul
Of the bold warrior and his taſte refin'd.
The glorious ſons of heav'n now ſhine below,
Ting'd with celeſtial dyes: all-mighty Jove
Shrin'd in refulgent glory gently ſmiles,
On the bold artiſt, who with ſoaring wing
Gains the tall ſummit of yon azure ſteep,
And ſtrains imagination to her height.

What

What grand ideas now diſtend his ſoul!
His raptur'd fancy now beholds the God:
In his right hand the dreadful light'ning glares,
And the loud thunder ſounds his ſolemn note;
The pinion'd eagle ſtrikes his clangingwings,
In airy circles round his ſov'reign ſoars;
Sky-tinctur'd purple, wrought with mazy gold,
Floats in redundant waves: th' all-mighty king
O'er the blue ocean and the verdant earth,
Darts his bright eyes diffuſing genial life;
All nature gladdens at his golden ſmile.
Thus the enthuſiaſtick painter forms
Celeſtial ſcenes to vulgar ken unknown;
Great Jove himſelf his kindling thoughts ſublimes,
And ſhoots ætherial vigour thro' his ſoul.
Lo! ſome decypher the pavillion'd field,
The liſted armies and embattled plain,
And the long ſeries of hiſtorick deeds:
Some nobly ſtudious of great nature's works,
Paint the projecting horrors of the grove,
The pendant mountain and the falling ſtream,
And the bright bluſhes of an evening ſky.
Soon as the Grecian luſture dy'd away,
And liberty forſook her ruin'd land.
The lib'ral arts with haſty footſteps fled,
Sought the protection of imperial Rome,
And gayly flouriſh'd in that ſunny clime.
Lo! from the ſunleſs chambers of the north
Loud Boreas ruſhes — on his ſtormy wings

The barb'aous nations ride with wild career;
The Goths and Vandals from their icy hills,
Burſt like a headlong torrent on the ſouth;
In one promiſcuous deluge ſweep away
Their arts, their learning, and their very name.
Blind ſuperſtition and dark ignorance
In cumbrous fetters chain'd the ſoul of man,
And o'er his reaſon caſt a miſty cloud.
No ray of learning then diſpell'd his gloom;
Unhappy mortals! like the ſavage beaſts,
Ye ſought for ſuſtinence, but ſought no more;
In vain all nature ſpread her ſweets to you.
At length an heav'n-inſpired genius roſe,
The innate grandeur of whoſe god-like ſoul,
The ſlaviſh bonds of ignorance disdain'd.
Immortal Leo, hail! thy ſpirit rouz'd
The ſons of learning from their heavy trance:
'Twas then the poet and the painter ſhone
In their meridian blaze, that knew no cloud;
Then the green lawrel lent its ſacred ſhade;
Then the rough Alps and pine-clad Appenine
Shot their huge ſummits to the ſtormy clouds;
Then the Po murmur'd in the poet's ſong;
Then thy bold genius, mighty Raphael, roſe:
Thy dareing pencil vanquiſh'd Greece and Rome;
Something ſo noble in thy forming touch,
Something ſo manly in thy bold deſign:
'Tis thine in compoſition to excel,
'Tis thine alone to paint th' hiſtorick tale,
T' expreſs the paſſions in their ſtrongeſt glow,

To

To bid the pourtrait kindle into life;
But ſtill thy lively flame oft hurried thee
Beyond nice judgment, and o'er ſhot the mark.
Next gentle Titian, whoſe refined art
Into perfection the ſmooth picture wrought,
The whole ſo finiſh'd, that baſe envy pines,
And views that piece, which ſhe muſt needs commend:
The gorgeous rainbow's various tints were thine;
With mellow'd luſtre, ſee! the bluſhing roſe,
And the white lilly's native hue combine,
Fair nature's fair carnation to excell.
Hail! great Correggio, whoſe ev'ry touth
Breaths matchleſs grace, and harmony divine:
With what perfection light and ſhade are join'd?
To thee unfolded was the twine of light,
Which in late ages our great Newton found:
Thy vivid tints th' angelick choir inveſt
With roſeate beauty's ſmile. Thy pencil paints
Their ſoften'd ſplendors, and celeſtial bloom;
Rob'd in a veil of light they melt away,
Like ſhow'rs deſcending in an April ſun.
And thee great Angelo, whoſe pencil drew
Thy ſuff'ring Saviour — wondrous fine thy ſkill,
But oh! how rigid was thy flinty breaſt:
Unhappy wretch, extended on the croſs,
To thee the painter owes his matchleſs piece.
How can my humble verſe thy merits ſing,
Immortal Pouſſain! nature's ſelf to thee,
Diſplay'd her vaſt immenſity of charms,
Proud to be rival'd by thy poliſh'd art:

Oh! how thy pencil paints the leaf-wrought grot,
The ſhady poplars murm'ring to the wind,
The ſmooth-reflecting ſurface of the ſtream,
Th' inverted foreſt and the downward ſky;
The torrent tumbles from the green caſcade,
The whit'ning waves proclaim the mighty roar:
Now thro' the verdant curtains of the cave,
The glancing moon-ſhine darts a quiv'ring ray;
With bright'ning ſilver ſtreaks the dusky green:
Now the waſte caſtle, where the lonely owl,
Chants her ſad ſonnet from the ivy'd-wall:
Conceive illuſtrous Raphael's bold deſign,
Join'd to the mellow'd ſtile of Titian's ſchool,
To theſe Correggio's ſkill in light and ſhade,
Which blended in each other melt away:
Thrice happy he! in whoſe capacious ſoul,
Thoſe glorious god-like talents are combin'd!
Behold the ſun of picture — but alas!
Why this vain empty viſionary dream?
Sure ſuch perfection's not the lot of man.

MUSICK

MUSICK.

BORN on the wings of harmony and love,
See! muſick comes to ſooth the ſoul of man;
Divine ſenſation, when the human frame,
Expreſſes heavenly and ſeraphic joys:
Bleſs'd art, that by thy wond'rous magic power,
Canſt ſink or elevate the mind of man;
Say whence this ſkill ſo ſweetly to provoke,
In loftieſt meaſures to tranſport the ſenſe,
And rule triumphant o'er the raptur'd ſoul.
Ye muſes by whoſe patronizing aid,
We taſte thoſe tuneful pleaſures that delight,
And charm the ear, your genrous ardour lend,

And teach my ſoul in worthy lays to ſing,
Muſick and it's enchanting pow'r to pleaſe.
Hail! muſick born to ſooth the ſavage ſoul,
And ſmooth the roughen'd furrows of the breaſt;
By whoſe concordant ſymphony we live,
To pleaſing tranſports and ætherial ſounds;
By thee ſublim'd above the circling ſpheres,
The ſoul pathetic to the trembling ſtrings
Breaths in ſoft uniſons each heavenly touch,
And ſpeaks the language of each quiv'ring ſound.
As when the raging tempeſts of the air,
And duſky clouds the æther's face involve,
And ſkies obnubilate, till Phœbus rays,
The ſable curtain gild with brighter light:
Array'd in golden charms, thus muſick's voice
Diſpels the heavy aſpect of the ſoul,
Bids every joyful movement of the ſenſe
Pervade the breaſt, where ſad corroding care
In ſolitary triumph reign'd before.
Thy power how great! when gods with ardour catch
Refin'd and raptur'd pleaſures from thy ſound!
Say great Apollo, whoſe harmonious ſoul
With muſick ſwells, that with ſurpaſſing ſkill
To tuneful ſtrains canſt touch the ſounding lyre;
Say which of all the ancient hero's burn'd
To imitate this language of the ſpheres?
Whoſe every dictate breathes divineſt fire;
Say was it Orpheus, whoſe inchanting ſtrings
Inſpir'd ev'n trees with moving ſympathy,
And drew in verdant ranks the leafy hoſt,

Sooth'd

Sooth'd, and attracted by his matchleſs ſkill?
Or thou Amphion, much renowned king?
Say did harmonic numbers, from thy hand,
Conſign to deathleſs praiſe thy wond'rous name,
Whilſt diſtant ages ſcarcely ſhall believe,
That Thebes, the tow'ring product of thy art,
From muſic's charms firſt heav'd its haughty head?
Great ſure thy influence to tranſport the ſenſe,
When things inanimate confeſs thy voice,
And move to ſofteſt accents of they ſound.
Such thy prevailing magic, pow'rful maid,
To quell each perturbation of the mind,
And for a moment change the horrid ſcene;
Conſcience, the baleful foe of wicked men,
By muſic taught, is huſh'd into repoſe,
Pleas'd for a while deluded joys to know,
Nor wakes to guilty terrors that contend,
And war with ſavage and tyrannic hate:
Vain the attempt to baniſh ſad deſpair,
Reflections which condemn the rebel breaſt,
And rob its quiet; with redoubled force
They charge the ſoul, and for a moments reſt
Return with added horrours to their throne.
Nor leſs diſpos'd to ſooth the widow'd ſoul,
When night in all her triſtful ſorrows reigns,
Where ever-penſive melancholy dwells,
And ſad ſenſations only find allay
In piteous tears: then with admired ſkill
Thy ſympathiſing numbers ſtrike the ear,
Whiſper ſoft admonition, and eſſay

To

To mitigate the tumults of the breaſt,
Each labouring ſigh with echoing ſounds prolong;
And give them back with ſuch enchanting grace;
Soft-pitying friend, from whoſe harmonious voice
Such lenient comfort ſo divinely flows,
That with reſiſtleſs force the paſſions ſtills,
Or ſwells their fury with extended ſtrength;
Prodigious art to tame the fierceſt breaſt,
With heav'nly numbers to exalt the mind,
And cauſe ſuch various paſſions in an hour.
Say, ſhall I ſing thy wond'rous pow'r, to rouſe
The ardent hero to the promis'd fight,
When war in all its wild alarms excites
The martial ſoul to glorious acts of fame?
Impell'd by thee he bravely ſeeks the foe,
And thirſts for glory with unuſual pride:
So when uncertain ſchemes the dubious mind
By various counſel different ways diſtract,
Till one at length of ſweeter diction born
Commends his thoughts with moſt perſwaſive grace,
Slaves to his will unanimous they ſtand,
And own the ſovereign influence of his lips;
Like ocean's waves he wafts them by his ſpeech,
And views that zeal which he ſo late inſpir'd
Such thy effects to fire heroic minds,
And by thy mediation to ſtir up
A thouſand warlike paſſions in the ſoul.
Muſic, by whoſe extatic joys we feel
Thoſe pleaſures that tranſport the raptur'd ſenſe,
That deareſt bleſſing lent us from above,

That

That kindles chaſteſt and refin'd deſires,
Shine forth bleſt goddeſs with refulgent light,
Transfer thy numbers to reform our ſouls,
Whilſt we thy conſtant harmony admire,
And learn by juſteſt concord to attune
The unharmonious meaſures of the breaſt,
Whilſt mildeſt influence ſtrengthen ev'ry grace;
Blend in our ſouls what e'er exiſts of love,
Let us from thee that harmony imbibe
Which ſoars ſeraphic to adorn thy ſtrains.
Illuſtrious Handel, how ſhall I commend,
Aſſign that tribute which thy due demands,
From whoſe majeſtic and inchanting ſounds
Divineſt tranſports mingle with the ſenſe?
Say whence this ſweet commotion from thy touch,
This harmony divine which ſo delights
The raviſh'd ear with moſt peculiar grace?
O whence this art to ſteal upon the ſoul,
This ſweet deſire to dwell on every ſound,
And live in extacy to every touch?
And thou Corelli born by matchleſs ſkill
In ſoft ſmooth-flowing numbers to awake
Each tender paſſion, each tranſporting wiſh,
In ſtrains melodious only known to thee,
So Syren-like to fetter every ſenſe,
And only come with rapture to the ear,
To utter all that hea'vn itſelf admires,
Or heal, or wound, the breaſt to love inclin'd.
Heaven ſure ſent muſic to inform the heart,
To mend the ear, and to enchant the ſenſe,

To ſooth the ſavage nature of the ſoul,
And ſoften every paſſion of the breaſt:
Elſe why this tranquil pleaſure that proceeds
From muſic's charms and it's perſuaſive ſound?
Whence the prevailing magic of it's voice
That ſtills the fierceſt tempeſt of the mind?
'Tis heav'n that ſpeaks when muſick opes her mouth,
Such mended truths can only thence proceed,
Where rapture dwells, and tranſports ever live,
Where love in all its forms divinely ſoars,
And ſeeks the full completion of its fires.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

On part of the book of JOB.

AMongſt the princes of the ſpacious eaſt,
Great Job was with ſuperior fortune bleſt;
On him the lord each virtuous good beſtow'd,
One ſcene of joy his righteous moments flow'd;
Each godlike virtue in his breaſt found room,
And fled to him as to their common home:
Thus while his golden years in pleaſure roll,
And harps of Seraphs ſooth his placid ſoul;
Sudden a black'ning ſtorm of woe impends,
And in loud thunder on his head deſcends:
Grim war pours forth, his blooming ſons are ſlain,
And horrid ſlaughter purples o'er the plain;
His flocks, his herds, by rapines hand are born,
And ev'ry pleaſure from his breaſt is torn:

Un-

Unmov'd, untroubled, in himſelf he ſtood,
And ne'er repin'd againſt the will of God.
But lo! ſharp-thrilling pains his body tore,
And all his fleſh was one continued ſore:
But ſtill his manly patience he retains,
With god-like fortitude reſiſts his pains;
Silent he ſits upon the naked ground,
And his ſevere reproving friends around;
The mourn-ful ſackcloth round his loins was ſpread,
With aſhes hoar beſprinkled was his head:
A piteous ſight! — the gracious lord was mov'd,
And ſhew'd compaſſion on the man he lov'd.
Where clouds on clouds an awful darkneſs form,
Born on the wings of the carreering ſtorm;
Th' all-mighty lord his ſolemn ſilence broke,
And in loud thunders to the ſuppliant ſpoke;
" Say haſt thou moulded yon ætherial round
With azure light and golden ſunſhine crown'd?
Say haſt thou faſhion'd this tereſtial ball?
Say does the ocean tremble at thy call?
Say canſt thou number ev'ry ſtarry light,
Thoſe vivid ſuns which gild the ſable night?
With blooming greens canſt thou the ſpring adorn?
Or ſhed the roſeate bluſhes of the morn?
At thy command do ſounding tempeſts blow?
At thy command deſcends the fleecy ſnow?
Say canſt thou pour whole ſheets of patt'ring rain?
Or with ſtrong ice the headlong torrent chain?
At thy command do foaming billows roar
And burſt in thunder on the craggy ſhore?

See!

See! the tall mountain whoſe vaſt heights command
A boundleſs proſpect o'er the diſtant land;
By thy own ſtrength or prudence didſt thou place
This mighty fabric on his ſolid baſe?
Say didſt thou crown him with a waſte of woods?
Or make him father of a thouſand floods?
Say canſt thou bid the ſparkling diamond ſhine,
Or give it luſtre in the deep dug mine?
Or form each coſtly metal in the earth?
Or form thoſe beams which gave each metal birth?
Say haſt thou mark'd the comets devious ways?
Th' excentric orb thro' which the wand'rer ſtrays?
Or haſt thou will'd the period of his courſe,
And lent him vigour and reſiſtleſs force?
Doe the proud ſeas to thee obeyſance owe?
Or at thy fiat do they ebb and flow?
With heav'nly breath haſt thou inſpir'd the ſoul?
Or ſhot thy ſpirit thro' this mighty whole?
With matchleſs ſtrength canſt thou the courſer deck?
Or cloath with thunder's force his haughty neck?
See what fierce rage his eager boſom warms,
When tempeſt like he ruſhes into arms;
" A blaze of glory from his noſtrils flies,
Keen flakes of light'ning flaſhing from his eyes;
With conſcious joy the din of war he hears;
Each ſound he catches in his prick'd-up ears:
With rage impetuous, ſee! he paws the ground,
Burſts thro' the battle with a dreadful bound;
Around his ears the ſounding bow-ſtring twangs,
The jav'lin whiſtles, and the buckler clangs;

Dauntleſs

Dauntleſs he views the horrors of the plain,
The conqu'ring victors, and the proſtrate ſlain;
And if he falls no mean diſhoneſt part
Receives the arrow, but his gen'rous heart.
Say doſt thou give the eagle wings to fly,
And cleave the ſummit of the liquid ſky?"
His neſt he builds on ſome huge moſs-cladrock,
And bears diſtruction to the bleating flock:
Down from the ſtars his airy courſe he bends,
And whirlwind-like upon the ſpoil deſcends;
With awful majeſty he rends the prey,
And to his diſtant palace wings his way:
The ſavage young the tender prey divide,
Tear the ſoft fleſh, and quaff the bloody tide:
Elate in ſtrength againſt the ſun he flies,
And dims the ſun-ſhine with his brighter eyes."
Thus ſpoke the Lord — great Job ſubmiſſive bow'd,
And man's dependance openly avow'd:
This juſt confeſſion, from a man ſo wiſe,
Pleas'd the great monarch of the ſaphire ſkies:
Him to his former glories he reſtor'd,
Of rich Arabia made him ſov'reign lord:
Bleſs'd with a vaſt immenſity of wealth,
Serene content and never fading health,
A virtuous offspring, and a virtuous wife;
Calm ſun-ſhine gilds the evening of his life.

LETTER

From PALEMON in the Country TO ALTIDORE in the City.

WHilſt you enjoy the honours of the great,
Immers'd in riches and in cares of ſtate;
Here I poſſeſs what rural quiet yields,
Cool ſtreams, green foreſts, and gay-painted fields,
A life of innocence, and calm content,
That beſt of bleſſings which the gods have ſent:
Who ſhall refuſe when Altidore commands?
Her humble plumes my rural muſe expands
In ſimple rhymes, ah! tell my Altidore
How glides the morning and the ev'ning hour.
Soon as Aurora crimſons o'er the eaſt,
I break the ſilken bands of balmy reſt;
Thro' dewy meads and verdant groves I ſtray,
And humbly to the lord of nature pray:

All

All hail! of heav'n and earth immortal Sire,
Thy glorious ways and wonders I admire;
While thro' my frame the breath of life ſhall blow,
While thro' my veins the circling blood ſhall flow,
I ſhall not ceaſe thy wonders to revere,
Nor ceaſe to ſupplicate by humble prayer:
At thy command the ſun now gilds the lawn,
At thy command now glows the ruddy dawn,
At thy command all beauteous nature ſheds
A waſte of golden bleſſings on our heads.
Now when the noon-day ſun pours forth his heat,
I ſeek the ſhelter of ſome cool retreat;
Some dark embow'ring foreſt then I love,
Where thro' the mead the ſilver riv'lets rove;
'Tis then great Homer I peruſe thy page,
Imbibe thy ſpirit, and cæleſtial rage;
Now, now my glowing fancy's all in flame,
Now I'm ſome hero of illuſtrious name;
Now o'er the ranks of furious war I burn,
The horſe and rider on the plain o'erturn;
Thro' the thick battle now the chariots bound,
And echo thunder in a louder ſound:
But now my heart is big with mighty woe,
Adown my cheeks the tears in torrents flow,
When god-like Hector by Achilles falls,
Drag'd and diſhonour'd round his native walls;
The wretched father's doleful groanings hear,
Behold! the mother's and the ſpouſe's tear;
What heart ſo ſteel'd but now ſhall ſympathize,
And join the father's, mother's, ſpouſe's cries;

If

If fierce Achilles was a ſtander-by,
Ev'n tears ſhould flow from fierce Achilles' eye:
Alas! with tearful eye we now explore
Divine Ulyſſes toſs'd from ſhore to ſhore;
Much-ſuffering man! ah! long decreed to roam,
Ah! long an out-caſt from his friends and home;
His glorious ſun long-clouded blaz'd at laſt,
And future bleſſings recompenſe the paſt.
Now when the golden ſun deſcending laves
His burning chariot in the purple waves,
With ſome true friends, a choice ſelected few,
I rove the meads impearl'd with evening dew;
In ſocial converſe ſweet we ſteal along,
While Philomel tunes her love-warbling ſong:
The full-orb'd moon, mild beaming-queen of night,
Decks the clear azure with her trembling light,
Darts her bright ſilver o'er the yellow wood,
And mildly glances o'er the chryſtal flood;
How beauteous ſhines the gayly-checquer'd ſcene,
The ſilver'd azure and the ſilver'd green.
When potent Somnus gives his awful nod,
Soon we obey the ſummons of the god;
Replete with love we ſeek the down of reſt,
Whilſt cordial friendſhip glows in every breaſt:
Thus in obedience to his beſt of friends,
The pourtrait of his life Palemon ſends.

PALEMON.

P. S.

Tranſporting wiſh! when autumn ſwells the gra
Shoud Altidoro bleſs our rural plain,
In one ſmooth ſtream my life would glide away,
And rounds of years ſcarce ſeem a ſhort-liv'd day.

The rural DAY.

WAk'd by the tuneful mattin of the cock,
The ſhrill-voic'd herald of the orient morn,
Sylvanus riſes, blyth as early lark,
His nerves new-braced for the long days toil;
Round him he wraps the veſt of home-ſpun cloath,
Wove by the partner of his life and love:
With rural majeſty (like the broad ſun,
Who now his viſage in th' impurpl'd eaſt
Expands) he treads the dew-beſpangl'd green;
The weapons of his warefare in his hand,
The ſhining mattock, and keen-razor'd ſcythe:
All-beauteous nature ſmiles—yon azure round
Glows with the ruddy bluſhes of the morn;
How bright each ſun-beam glitters on the dews,
Thoſe ſparkling ſtars of the deep verdant earth:
Now from the lonely grove, the ſpreading ſhade,
The painted ſongſters tune their rural notes;
The thruſh, the linnet, and each warbling voice,

To their creator ſwell the thankful ſong:
Behold! the blooming meadows boundleſs tract
Pours forth its ſpringing verdure on the eye;
Here the gay ſwain his toilſome labour ſooths,
And ſweetly whiſtles to the whiſp'ring breeze;
The tow'ring graſs, which lately ſhot to heav'n,
In equidiſtant rows now proſtrate falls;
Thro' the cloſe files of war he hews his way,
'Till all the graſs-green armies bow the head:
Thus the tremendous ſcythe of rigid death,
(When ſtormy battle ſhakes his frowning creſt,
And fires the nations with enſanguin'd rage)
Mows down whole thouſands in their ſummer's ſtrength.
The noon-tide ſun now with reſiſtleſs blaze
Flames o'er the ſkies and pours a flood of day;
All nature faints, and ſeeks the friendly ſhade;
The gentle ſhepherd with his head reclin'd
Upon the verdant pillow, where the oak
Spreads his broad umbrage o'er the falling ſtream;
The wild enthuſiaſtic bard now ſeeks
Romantic grottoes and the green-wood ſhade,
There to indulge bold fancy's nobleſt flights,
Lull'd by the murmurs of the haunted brook;
Parch'd by the burning heat, the toil-ſpent ſwain
His limbs extends upon the new-mow'd hay,
Diffuſing balmy fragrance o'er the field,
There to indulge the gifts of golden ſleep;
'Till evening ſun-ſhine ſheds a milder beam,
And then recruited to reſume his toil.

Prone

Prone o'er the crimſon'd deep the ſetting ſun
Shoots forth his rays — the burniſh'd mountain's top,
The wav'ing forreſt, and the lofty ſpire,
Catch the laſt gleamings of the fading day,
And yellow luſtre gilds the deeper green:
The labour of the ſultry day is done,
And gray-rob'd evening ſpreads her ſober ſhade:
Warn'd by the length'ning ſhadow, Sylvan haſtes
To the calm pleaſures of the rural cot;
Deep in the boſom of a woody vale,
Romantic vale! where roſy-boſom'd ſpring,
And golden autum ſtill danc'd hand in hand:
In cloſe embrace his blooming children twine
Around his neck, and cloath his face in ſmiles;
Meantime his tender ſpouſe, with loving care,
Provides the rural banquet for her lord:
Behold! a life! a life of liberty,
Of love, of friendſhip, and of ev'ry joy,
A ſecond Eden, and almoſt a heaven.

ODE ON INNOCENCE.

I.

HAil heaven-born maid, parent of every ſweet,
Thou balmy ſoft intruder on the breaſt;
In whoſe formation thouſand virtues meet,
To glad the heart and mingle with the taſte;
Within my frame thy raptur'd ſweets inſpire,
And fill my ſoul with thy extatic fire.

II.

As bright Aurora thro' Olympus born,
Whoſe bluſhes with the richeſt crimſon vie,
Whilſt nature, glad of the approaching morn,
Diſplays her beauties to the raviſh'd eye;

Thus

Thus moves fair innocence with grace divine,
Life's purer joys and pleaſures to refine.

III.

In life's ſad vale, and its declining ſhade,
That fable ſcene when envied joys decay,
In native ſplendours thou alone array'd,
Canſt with reſiſtleſs luſtre dim the day;
Such thy dear image to illume the mind,
To ſmooth pale care and leave remorſe behind.

IV.

Not the terrific thunders of the ſky,
Nor hell's black rage and lawleſs power combin'd,
Diſturb the breaſt where innocence is nigh,
Or ſhake the ſoul to virtue's path inclin'd;
Who fears proud fate or all-relentleſs death,
Its baleful ire, fair innocence the wreath.

V.

Hail kind reſource, when every other joy
Deſerts the breaſt, inſpir'd by thee alone
No anxious fears the placid mind annoy,
No conſcious guilt to heave the tearful moan;
All is bright ſun-ſhine nought but ſoft repoſe,
Nor clouds of rayleſs night, nor heart felt woes.

VI.

Say, excellence divine, when fortune pours
A tide of bleſſings from her plentuous horn,
Or when like heav'n's tempeſtuous face ſhe lours,
Whilſt every pleaſure from the breaſt is torn;
Say ſhall not thou life's ſun-ſhine brighten ſtill,
And ſad diſtreſs with calm content fulfil,

VII.

Let then or frown or ſmile this world's delight,
Alike prepar'd by innocence to bear
The ſportful change, no ſtorm can us affright,
No power prevail, when innocence is there;
By thee we learn to brave the ſhocks of chance,
The wrecks of fortune and the tyrants lance.

VERSES left on a LADY'S dreſſing Table occaſioned by certain Faults obſerved in her Conduct.

IF words alone in written form can quell
Unguarded Paſſion, pray peruſe theſe well,
For ah! too often from the mouth they fail,
Nor tho' the cenſor's by can ought avail;
Good humour, innocence, and truth combin'd,
Shine beauteous emblems of the fair ones mind:
Ye fair who wiſh by every art to pleaſe,
Alone ſeek admiration by ſuch ways
As nature, modeſty, and ſenſe approve,
And Venus ſelf diſdains not for to love;
Affected ſmiles, and each new labour'd grace,
Unlawful ſport throughout the dimpled face;
'Tis Stella's mind muſt aim the pointed dart,
And reign the ſovereign empreſs of the heart.

On

On a LADY who played remarkably well on the Guittar.

ALready Cælia by thy matchleſs art,
In gazing eloquence my ſoul you've caught;
Still why this labour to ſubdue my heart
With charms from muſic's ſoothing virtue ſought,
Thy eyes alone the victor's prize muſt claim,
Such living language breath the warmeſt love;
Ceaſe then too cruel to conſume my frame
With heavenly numbers which tranſporting move,
United efforts of ſuch pow'rful kind
Muſt find free acceſs to the rougheſt mind;
Warn'd by thy fingers we admire to die
Yet bleſs the maid that gave ſuch extacy.

On

ON A HAPPY LIFE.

HIs days in righteous innocence muſt flow,
Bleſt with content, who knows nor cares nor woe,
Whoſe private hours amidſt a virtuous life
Are ſmooth and poliſh'd by a prudent wife,
Who dares to meet with quietneſs of thought,
His paſt tranſactions as the juſt man ought,
Who ne'er looks forward good t' anticipate,
Or envies thoſe whom fortune fancies great;
Whoſe ſteps in charitable paths have trod,
Whoſe rule is reaſon, and whoſe law is GOD.

ON NIGHT.

THou ſable goddeſs thro' whoſe awful ſhade
Our timorous footſteps tread the ſilent glade,
Thou ſad ſucceſſor to the god of day,
That by thy word diſpels each beaming ray:
No more bright Phæbus guides his lucid car,
And lights the nations to contentious war:
The feather'd tribe that haunt the verdant grove,
No longer now purſue their wonted love;
No more their tuneful notes ſalute the ear
That add new pleaſures to the tranſient year
No flowers their beauteous tincts to ſenſe diſcloſe,
Nor bluſh the ſanguine features of the roſe;
Nature lies hid enveloped to ſight,
Obſcur'd beneath the curtain of the night.

Verſes

VERSES made on the Death of

P------- D------ Eſq;

LIke as ſome vernal flower of ſhort-liv'd date,
Now born to bloom, and now conſign'd to fate,
When by the traveller's hand, or nipping froſt,
Its beauties fade and all its ſweets are loſt;
Refreſhing ſweets once form'd to give delight,
E'er ruder chance had ſnatch'd them into night;
Ye muſes weep, in him you've loſt a ſon,
Whoſe deathleſs works immortal praiſe have won:
Be then proud fate for ever damp'd thy joy,
His other ſelf thy art can ne'er deſtroy.

ON

On the death of a favourite Canary Bird.

WHither alas! has unrelenting death
Tranſer'd the warbling meaſures of thy breath?
Could nought the furious ire of fate aſſwage?
Enchanting tenant of yon priſon'd cage!
Soft Choiriſter whoſe blythſome carrols move
The tender breaſt and melt it into love;
No more ſhall Chloe hear thy tuneful voice,
No more thy liquid ſtrains her ſoul rejoice;
Unhappy ſongſter! ſhort thy term to ſing!
Thy muſic ſhort-liv'd as the tranſient ſpring.

A

SONG.

I.

SWeetly, milder ſtrains reſound,
Gently blow up Cupid's flame,
Give my heart a tender wound,
Let me love and live to fame.

II.

Thro' my vital frame inſpire
Tranſport's thrilling pleaſing pain,
Let me learn to bear its fire,
Happy in the wiſh'd for gain.

III.

III.

'Midſt this tumult rais'd by love,
Deareſt Cælia glad my eyes;
Tender, ſoothing, paſſions move;
Real joys from love ariſe.

IV.

Whilſt her hand with warmth I preſs,
Loves and graces melt her mind;
Let my eyes my thoughts expreſs,
Let my heart ſweet ſolace find.

V.

If to bleſs me with a kiſs,
Cælia thus her paſſion tells;
Heaven itſelf exceeds not this,
Heaven where love united dwells.

FINIS.

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